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[OSWALD ON THE WATCH.]

## A TERRIBLE TRIAL;

OR,  
FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

### CHAPTER VII.

In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

OSWALD LORING sat alone in his private office, nervously playing with his watch-chain. Since the night of his visit to the Posters he had been restless and irritable, incapable of concentrating his thoughts upon any one thing, and wondering all the time if Leonie would forgive him readily, or if he should have to argue, explain and plead. This he hated; and when he thought of the suspicious spirit that her action revealed, and the absolute meanness of the act itself, he felt that it was rather her duty to beg his pardon. Still he could not tell her so in a manly fashion, for there was the pecuniary interest—that harassed him down to policy and made him despicable in his own eyes.

He must call upon her soon, however, or she would think fear was keeping him away, and that would give her good reason to believe that his visit to Rose had been otherwise than what it ought to have been, thus rendering her jealousy more fierce and exacting. And yet he dreaded to meet her, for this last episode had caused him to think less of her.

"Mr. Loring, I believe."  
The clear, sharp voice, so abruptly breaking the silence, somewhat startled the lawyer, and, looking up, he beheld a stranger standing in the doorway—a tall, slight man, fashionably dressed, and of a Spanish cast of countenance. His eyes, round and

of a dark hazel, rested full upon Oswald's face with a searching glance.

"Well, sir?" said Oswald, somewhat imperatively, for he disliked the man's manner.

"You haven't answered my question, but I shall take it for granted that I am addressing Mr. Oswald Loring," remarked the stranger, dropping into a chair and tapping his boot with his cane.

"And your business—"

"Is of a private nature. I think we'd better shut the door," he replied, saiting the action to the word. "Now, sir, be kind enough to state your mission," said Oswald, leaning forward on the desk and looking the man in the face.

"Unfortunately it is a delicate one, but I trust you will hear me patiently."

"To do so is my business. Proceed."

"Ahem! Well, really, it is troublesome, but it must be done."

"Then do it, sir—my time is valuable," answered Oswald, impatiently.

"Doubtless. I hope I shan't offend you."

"Offend me—a client offend me? What do you mean, sir?"

"Oh, I'm no client," laughed the stranger, stroking his moustache. "On the contrary, you are my client."

"And you expect a fee perhaps?" said Oswald, sarcastically.

"I do."

"Well, you are candid if you are an idiot. What next?"

The stranger's lip curled with an angry contempt as he answered:

"Just this:—You embezzled some money once, didn't you?"

"You are insolent, sir."

"Call it what you please, but we both know that such is the fact."

"And I know one thing more—that you are going out of this office," said Oswald, in a voice ominously

quiet. And arising, he opened the door, and then grasped the stranger by the collar in a manner by no means gentle.

"Put me out if you like, knock me down if you wish, but I shall get up every time. It will be a regular game of ninepins—my word for it!" he responded, with imperturbable coolness.

"Perhaps I had better find out how much he knows," thought Oswald. And loosening his hold, he resumed his seat.

The stranger smiled, smoothed down his collar and then said:

"Your lines of policy, Mr. Loring, are well conceived and well followed. If you choose to make a friend of me, I can put a good deal of paying business in your way; if you desire to make an enemy of me, I can disgrace you and run you out of the country."

"Talk is cheap. I neither wish your favour nor fear your malice," replied the lawyer, composedly.

"Don't be too hasty. You are a young man of brilliant talents, holding an enviable position in the social as well as the business circle; you cannot afford to throw away these advantages, and confront the world with the name thief attached to you. Oh, no, my dear sir, you are too wise for that!"

"Have you anything more to say?"

"I can say more. Nathan Hawes trusted you too much."

"Is that all?" Loring could control his feelings and features with consummate skill when occasion required.

"Isn't that enough?"

Oswald made no reply, but struck a bell on his desk, which called John to his side. He gave him a paper on which was written these words:—"Superintendent Valpey:—Send an officer to my office at once, and oblige, Loring." The intelligent boy asked no questions, but vanished immediately.

The stranger smiled again with an air of superiority that was very provoking, but volunteered no remarks.

Minutes passed in silence. At length a heavy step was heard in the general office. Oswald arose to open the door.

"Stop where you are," interposed the stranger, in a harsh whisper. "If you turn that knob I'll rain you and all you hold dear."

"I have had enough of your talk, sir. Stand aside."

The man arose, and, clutching Loring's wrist, said in a stilted voice, while his eyes flashed fire:

"If you let that officer see me Leonia Milton shall be arrested for conspiracy to murder before the sun sets!"

So intense was each word and look that Oswald could not but heed them. Involuntarily he queried:

"You swear that this can be done?"

"May Heaven make me to roam through the world an imbecile if there is not good cause for my threat."

"Whom has she conspired to murder?"

"Rose Foster."

"Great Heaven! this is not, cannot be true! I will not believe it!" cried Oswald, in a husky voice, and caught at the desk to support himself, for the suspicion—the thought even—guaranteed such an overpowering horror that his strength fled before it.

"Control yourself! The officer is at the door. You must send him away. Be quick!"

The young lawyer pressed his hands to his brow, and then, by an earnest effort composing his features, he stepped into the general office and said to the policeman:

"Just a moment later, or rather the man who annoyed me, I intended of sending for you and slipped out. It was an attempt to extort money, and as it has failed I shall not be troubled again. I am obliged to you for your promptness."

And with a nod and smile toward the departing officer, Oswald rejoined his singular companion. For a few moments there was silence between them. Oswald did not believe that Leonia would do what she had been charged with, but his confidence was not perfect enough to defy her weakness. There might be a conspiracy against her to prove this charge, so far the sake of all parties it was best to be cautious.

"You have won your point. What now?" queried Oswald.

"Merely a matter of business. You must buy my silence concerning this debt in the money job to your care."

"And if I refuse or put you to the proof, you will reveal to the world this charge against Mrs. Milton."

"Exactly. It is a pleasure to negotiate with a man of your understanding."

"And if I pay, you will give me the honour of a thief that you will hold your tongue?"

"Precisely. And you will give me the honour of a thief that you will not seek to entrap or prosecute me?"

Oswald's face flushed, and he arose to his feet with fist upraised; then, turning, he walked to the window and gazed into the street. Moments passed as his passion cooled, then he returned to his desk and rested his head upon his hands. At length he asked, "How much money do you want?"

"Ten pounds."

"So kind enough to remember that I am not a millionaire," said the lawyer, biting his lip.

"That is my price," was the stern rejoinder.

Oswald trembled with rage. It required all his reason, all his religion, to prevent himself from tearing his tormentor to pieces. With quivering fingers he counted out the money and pushed it towards his companion. The latter took it, and, having carefully counted it, pushed it into his vest pocket, saying:

"You're a gentleman, Mr. Loring. I shall send you business enough so that you can give me another ten in a month, and feel it lost."

"Confound his impudence!" muttered Oswald, as the man departed, and then, calling his office boy, he said to him:

"Follow that man; tell me every place he stops at, and where he finally remains. Hurry now—you shall lose nothing by it."

Elated at the idea of doing a little detective service, John ran away, and Oswald was once more alone. Arising, he walked the floor excitedly, while his turbulent feelings, so long repressed, now found vent with greater force.

"And this—is this the product of sympathy and benevolence. Because I raise a starving family to comfort I am hunted and oppressed—made to love where I hate, and to hate where I love; forced to contradict my heart, my reason, my nature, and at last have to submit to blackmail. Can I bear this?"

What else can I do? I must see Leonia—I must learn if this improbable charge is true, and then I must hunt out this man and arrest him. I will not be teased about this matter."

For half an hour he continued in this strain, and was then interrupted by the entrance of John.

"Well?"

"He went into a clairvoyant's office in West Street—Madame Bolah's, I believe," said John, panting.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ALONG amid the splendour of her home! The gas burned as brightly, the long mirrors reflected as brilliantly the various objects in the room, the luxury, the comfort was there, with the same—but the mistress! She recoiled from the reflection of herself in the pier-glass over the mantel—those wild, dilated eyes were not hers; that white, distorted face was not her own; those when lips were not those that Oswald had pressed for their redness.

Morning came, and she awoke at an early hour, with the burden of her sorrow still weighing on her soul. Arising, she made a hasty toilet, and sat down near her writing-table. Something must be done at once—this instant. She glanced at the clock—the hour was four. Pulling a piece of paper toward her she glanced a pen and hastily wrote these words:

"Will the lost Eda return once more? It will be to her advantage."

There, she will understand that," mused Leonia, excitedly. "And she will come, and then I can send my awful words, and give her money, no matter how much, to forget that I ever uttered them. Let me see—I can get this inserted in an early edition, and Eda will come directly and then I shall be myself again, and the eyes of my sweet child will not be a reproach to her mother. Heaven give me success, and then wisdom to bear it."

Moving to the bell-rope, she pulled it twice sharply, and in a few moments a male servant was heard stumbling sleepily through the entry. Opening the door, she gave him the advertisement, and ordered him to use all possible speed in sending the newspaper office.

When returning to her seat she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and started almost in fear as she saw how pale her face was and how dark and heavy her eyes were.

"It is not strange—not strange," she murmured.

"I have lived years since the sun went down, and passed in fancy through the lowest conditions. Oh, it makes me shudder now! I must not think—I must only hope!"

An hour later Flossie awoke, and, stretching her fat little arms, called mamma in her sweet, infantile way. Leonia wist forward to the bed and pressed her darling to her heart.

"What you dropped for, mamma? Come, lay down here, I'm going sleep again, I am. Mamma!"

"What, darling?"

"What your face look so pale for to-day? Didn't you sleep nice?"

"No, my head ached," answered the mother, averting her eyes and struggling to keep the tears back; for the child's innocent question struck deep into her heart, and seemed to relax her nerves so that she could have abandoned herself to weeping.

"Kiss me, mamma; I'm going to sleep, and dream pretty dreams till seven o'clock, and then I'm going to get my dolly's breakfast. Kiss me!"

Leonia gave the required caress, and turned away gladly, for her strength was fast deserting her. The child's angelic innocence, the sunlight, the quiet beauty of the morning, were all in too great contrast with the fierce, dark and ghastly scenes of the night before.

How could she pass the time? There was only one way at all congenial, and that was in music. Drawing tighter the strings of her wrapper, she hastened to the rear drawing-room and began to play on the piano. Becoming interested, she threw all her feeling into the art, and the minutes were wasted swiftly away on the breath of melody.

But there were wonder and astonishment in the servants' hall, and the fair artist was voted insane.

"If you please, madam, breakfast is ready," said a servant, entering.

"So soon!" she exclaimed, in surprise, and then, as the last echo faded away, her gloomy thoughts returned, and the faint glow of animation vanished from her features.

Breakfast being over and Flossie given in charge of her nurse, Leonia gave father consideration to plans for extricating herself from the terrible dilemma

into which her passions had hurried her. Eda might not delay; she might take the life of Rose before the advertisement came to her sight. Leonia quivered in every nerve as this thought seared her mind. She must render the horrible contingency impossible, and at once.

Again she wrote, requesting Rose to call upon her during the forenoon, and despatched the message at nine o'clock; she dared not before, lest the girl should think it singular and become suspicious. Then Leonia sat down to wait again—to wait, and feel the time drag by like a huge and slothful reptile.

Suddenly she said:

"I must dress; the servants will certainly think that something is the matter if I wear this wrapper all day, and I would not have Rose see me looking so for anything. I must be careful how I talk to her, and not let her see that I feel the least interest, for if I do she will at once suspect it with Oswald. Can he see ought for her? Enough—do I forget myself? Has the influence of my proper despair? No, I'll not let such thoughts in upon me."

An hour consumed in an elaborate toilet, and Leonia was ready to receive her sister, but another hour passed and she came. Returning her patron's greeting somewhat coolly, she said:

"You have sent for me, madam?"

"Yes, I have resolved to speak to you upon a subject which I have long thought of."

"Something about Oswald," thought Rose, but said nothing.

"Your life has been an easy one—that is, you have had to work hard, and suffered much at intervals."

"At intervals," repeated Rose to herself, while her face grew a shade paler. "Does she dream of—oh, how foolish I am. She cannot."

"I disturb you, I fear."

"Oh, no, not in the least, I assure you," Rose hastened to say, fearful that her abstraction had been deemed significant.

"It would not be unusual," said Leonia, quietly. "It is indeed a pleasure to have one's life commented upon."

"What do you mean?" interrupted the girl, with flashing eyes and burning brow.

"Miss Foster, you remark that—Why this excitement?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. I pray you pardon me," replied Rose, dropping into her chair, and looking ashamed and confused.

A pang of jealousy shot across Leonia's heart, but she banished it, and continued, calmly:

"I was afraid I should injure your feelings, but remember that I am your friend. You have worked for me, and you have done well, but saying, however well paid for, does not give any profit. Your mother, I suppose, depends mostly upon you. My mother is dead. I cannot give her anything, and I do want to make somebody happy. Now, how would you like to own a little house out in the country, and cultivate flowers for the city market?"

"It would be very pleasant, indeed," said Rose, in a low voice, but her mind was busily at work trying to fathom her companion's motive.

"And you think your mother would like it?"

"Oh, very much," she answered, with assumed enthusiasm.

"Then you shall have it!" exclaimed Leonia, with an earnestness that was not devoid of gratification.

"She wants to get me out of the city—out of Oswald's way," Rose reflected, and then, as if disconcerted by the excessive magnanimity of her patron, she stammered:

"Oh, this is too much. You are so kind, madame, so very kind, and you would put us under such heavy obligations to you, that I am sure I don't know what to say! A house all our own—oh, no, no, it is too great a gift to accept!"

"Why? Pray do not think of the amount; you know that kind fortune has made me rich. You would not deny me a pleasure?"

"No, a thousand times, no."

"Then say no more, but carry the news to your mother and tell her what joy it gives me to be of service to her. If you will come in this afternoon I will have the deed ready for you."

With tears in her eyes, Rose advanced, and, taking Mrs. Milton's hands, said, in a low, earnest voice:

"I can never thank you enough. There are no words to tell you how I feel, but I—I—"

"Speak freely!"

"I should like to kiss you because you are so good!"



Leonie was susceptible to artlessness, and it seemed to her that she never saw it spring forth more sincerely, and so she drew those to her arms as she replied:

"I believe you are a dear, good girl. It might be a pleasure to you to dine with me, so run now, and bring your mother back with you, and I will give you the deed at the table; it will be much better."

Rose seemed quite overpowered at this new kindness, and begged to be excused at once, for she did not wish to break down utterly; it seemed so childish. Once more alone, Leonie congratulated herself on the success of her experiment, and looked forward to the afternoon with feelings of quiet gladness that came to her bosom as a strange and welcome guest.

In music, reading, and playing with Florio the hours passed rapidly away, and at three o'clock Mrs. Foster and Rose were ushered into the drawing-room.

"I am very glad to see you," said Leonie, cordially. "Pray be seated without ceremony, and consider yourselves at home."

"Be kind enough to excuse us—we have not time," answered Mrs. Foster, reservedly. Leonie glanced inquiringly toward Rose, but she dropped her eyes and played restlessly with her fingers.

"I can state my purpose, briefly," said Mrs. Foster, with dignity. "I came to thank you for your magnificent intentions toward my daughter and myself, and to decline the same with all possible humility."

The manner was a mockery to the words. Indignation flashed from Leonie's eyes, but she suppressed her equanimity as she replied:

"That is your privilege; it is always right to know the reason. Your tone and looks convey anything but gratitude for the offer."

At this point Rose began to sob very pathetically.

"Poverty is no crime, Mrs. Milton," answered Mrs. Foster, with obtrusive severity. "If you force me to an explanation, I can give one. Your offer was not made from goodness; it was a stroke of policy, and—it has failed."

"This insolence!" Leonie panted, and compressed her lips. "No, I will not lower myself—I will not waste words, but the time may come when you will regret this."

"Ah! you threaten!" said Mrs. Foster, with a sneer.

The sneer took all the colour out of Leonie's face, but she forgot her resolution to control her passions as she said, with said reproach:

"Oh, no, you are unjust." "A prophecy, then, perhaps! One of your fortunes can afford to indulge in them."

"Oh, forgive her, madam," ejaculated Rose, clasping her hands pleadingly. "She appeared so glad when I told her. Oh, what can this mean? Please don't notice her, madam."

"Enough! Your comedy is degenerating into a farce," said Leonie, pulling the bell-rope, and then, as a servant entered, she added, "Thomas, show the ladies out."

The doors closed on their forms—on all hopes of at once removing Rose from danger. Charity had been insulted, generously characterised as selfishness, and gentleness repudiated as the product of a cringing policy. Leonie was painfully confused. What could she do? Pressing her hands to her head, she walked the room in deep perturbation.

Presently a servant entered with a letter. Leonie waved him away and then broke the seal. The missive was from Eda, and contained these words:

"Do you take me for an idiot? Call on me, if you wish to see me, at 2, West Street, Madame Bolah's office. I shall not come to you."

"She is inexorable—she will take every advantage. Oh, Heaven! what will this not cost me before it ends? I must see her even at the expense of looking her, for I cannot help it; I am bound."

She sighed wearily, and sank into a chair. If she only had one to confide in—one to help her. She dared not trust her secret to Oswald; it would ruin her in his estimation. She could only exert herself to the utmost and trust in Heaven.

## CHAPTER IX.

Twice evening, the hour eight, Oswald Loring sat in his chamber, meditatively smoking. The story told by the stranger was yet as a horrible vision to his mind. Leonie capable of such malice! Oh, no, no! Why did he think of it at all? He arose, put

on his hat, and hurried from the house. Whither should he go? He paused in the midst of the restless crowds and reflected. Why not take a look through West Street? He might see the man who had imposed on him—if imposition it was—and ascertain something concerning the character of Madame Bolah's place. He acted upon the thought at once.

Half-way down the street was an imposing building, with a brass plate, on which was engraved the following inscription:

"Madame Bolah, Medium. Divorces prescribed for, and medicines made."

Oswald passed in the shadow of a vehicle which had stopped at the door, and scrutinized the building from basement to roof; then, walking slowly away, he mused:

"I'd like to go in there, but I fear they know me. If I only had a disguise!"

A moment longer he cogitated, and then added, with emphasis:

"I'll get one; I'll fight my foes with their own weapons! I'll find out what basis, if any, there is for this terrible charge against Leonie!"

And, increasing his pace, he moved rapidly and entered a customer's. Without alighting his business to the assistant who essayed to wait on him, he asked to see the proprietor; and that gentleman, hearing the remark, came in from one of the dressing alcoves.

"Ah! Mr. Loring; glad to see you! Can I be of service to you?"

Oswald was somewhat disconcerted, for, without knowing it, he had come face to face with one of his clients. But he would not retreat from his purpose now, and so he stated his mission in a careless way, as if it was all a joke, and he a laughing-boy.

"A blonde wig will be better for you than a black one," said the proprietor. "Your hair is quite dark, you know. These whiskers, with another vest and monocle, will transform you into a swell of the period. Then your looking-glass won't know you. Stop on here, please."

Oswald followed the speaker into one of the alcoves, and gave himself up to be metamorphosed. In ten minutes the lawyer came forth transformed—ay, deformed, for his manly dignity was lost in the flashiness of the fop.

"Remember, your voice now. I can't change that for you, you know," said the proprietor, laughing.

"Thanks; your suggestion is good," replied Oswald, for he had not thought of it himself.

"Now for Madame Bolah's," muttered Oswald, as he reached the street. "It seems to me, strangely enough, as if the coming events of this night were to have a great influence on my life. My mission is singular one, and I disguise myself to find out if my promised wife—whom I do not love—is a conspirator, my only suspicion being the word of an adventurer unknown to me. Ourselves it! how trust and distrust are mixed up here!"

Shrugging his shoulders, he moved on more rapidly, careful to change his gait as much as possible, for he felt that eyes were upon him anxious to discern his identity. His impressions—those prophetic monitors, swift and ghostly, which favour some minds—were correct: within a red of him was Mister Jim, and on the other side of the seat was that gentleman's companion, in a new suit of clothes, and wearing gracefully the honour of his new name—the Starling. Both these worthies watched Oswald, and followed him until he entered Madame Bolah's office, when they passed into a gambling-saloon adjoining.

"Did no one admit you?" inquired the medium.

"No—I came in myself," he answered, with a drawl.

Madame frowned and struck a bell, which brought from a room on the left an old woman, very short, very thick and very loosely attired. Rostering one arm on the table, she gave her cap strings a pull and looked up at Madame inquiringly. The latter bent her head, and a brief but earnest conversation ensued, and then the portress—for that was evidently her position—went forward and took her place in the entry through which Oswald had passed.

"What is your wish?" queried Madame when they were once more alone.

"The future—upon my word, I'd like to look into it at any price," he replied, with an insipid smile. "You see—aw! the fact is, I'm going to be married, and—well, I'd better let you tell me, hadn't I?"

Ere she could speak a man burst into the room, and, without noticing our amateur detective, eagerly exclaimed:

"Her carriage is approaching!"

"Idiot," she exclaimed, "Whose carriage? What

do you mean by coming to here in this way? Who are you?"

"My friend, the blackmailer," thought Oswald, and felt a little quiver in his own sagacity.

"I beg pardon, madam. I thought you were alone; but it's all the same, saving the interruption. I came in here this afternoon, you remember, and made an appointment for a lady. She is here."

"Yes, I recollect now; but I must say you are very rude. Was there no one in the entry?"

"Yes—an old woman, asleep."

"Opium again—she always takes it when she's gone," said Madame, in a low voice; and then, arising and excusing herself, she went into the room on the left. The man eyed Oswald furtively, and at length made a commonplace remark, to which the lawyer replied in a voice so well assumed that if the other had any suspicions they were dispelled. Presently Madame returned, and, muttering her seat, said:

"Show the lady into the room on the right, and when I have finished with this gentleman I will come in."

"When that woman went out her eyes were blue—now they're black," Oswald reflected. "There is something deep here. They may cajole me—they may extort more money, but if they do they'll have to come round and tell me."

A rustling of silk now attracted his attention, and he glanced sidewise, careful not to show any interest above a natural curiosity. The dress was familiar to him, and a painful suspicion crept into his mind. He could not bear the thought of having the charge against Leonie strengthened, though she loved her net. Once in the room, the lady hesitated, and looked about as an unwilling visitor; and then Oswald, glancing upward, beheld beneath the veil the features of Leonie Milton!

Yes, she was here before him! It was a wonder that he did not leap to his feet and accost her. He hardly knew himself how he kept his seat, and gazed upon her indifferently as she glided into the side room. But he did, and probably he never suffered more pain in less time in his life. Why should he? Little know we our hearts. These were qualities of Leonie Milton which no man could fail to love, and Oswald loved them, though he knew it not, and still wondered what made him feel so ill over the fact of her presence here. While thinking, he had been gazing towards the door, and as it closed on the form of Leonie he caught a glimpse of a gray, curly head, the counterpart of the one behind the table. How many Madame Bolahs were there?

"I am ready to proceed now," said the medium.

"Ah! Well, I'm glad, I'm sure. But one moment. I'm not desirous about a third party being present, so awkward for a fellow, you know."

And he glanced towards the man who had announced the arrival of Mrs. Milton, and who still lingered, apparently asleep, in a chair.

The woman screamed out at him in a virulent way, and he, arising, rubbed his eyes and moved toward the door.

The next instant he came in contact with a tall, broad-shouldered old man, who, not liking the fellow's manner, gave him a violent push, exclaiming:

"Where are your eyes, you fool? Get out of my way."

The fellow started back, gazed upon the face of the speaker and turned deadly pale.

The latter, noticing this perturbation, bent forward and scanned closely his features; then, while his eyes shone with gratification, he ejaculated:

"So we meet again, Andrew Morley! I told you I should never lose sight of you. What are you doing here?"

"I don't know you—it's none of your business what I am doing," he muttered, sulkily.

"Don't attempt to deceive me, you scoundrel!" roared the old man, lifting his cane. "I've borne enough from you, and now mark me—if you don't walk a chalked line, I'll make you walk a plank. Remember now!"

Trembling in every nerve, his teeth grating, and his black eyes flashing hate, Morley listened to these words; then, with a low, angry growl, he turned and stalked away.

"You are old enough to know better than to make a disturbance in my rooms," said Madame, reprovingly.

"Peace, woman!" he rejoined, in his gruff, imperative way, and, seating himself, he drew forth his handkerchief and passed it across his brow.

Loring had felt an interest in his new companion from the first, which was at once increased by his knowledge of Morley; for the idea thus gained the

lawyer might use to his own advantage in resisting Morley's demands. And now, as the man sat there wiping the perspiration from his wide, high forehead, an expression came over his face that took away all its harshness, and rendered it genial and attractive—but only for an instant; still it had been there, and Oswald could not withdraw the regard, the sympathy it had aroused in his breast.

Madame now informed the old gentleman that she was engaged, and that his presence was irksome to the other visitor. This Oswald at once contradicted, for he suspected that the old man had a purpose in coming there, and he wished to ascertain what it was. Madame was now somewhat vexed, and stated emphatically that she did not allow two at a sitting. Very naturally the two men looked at each other and smiled, and then the older said he would wait in one of the rooms, starting at one to the right. Impatiently the woman bade him return, saying that there was a lady waiting there. The old man paused, and, striking his cane on the floor, demanded, with a serio-comical air:

"What do you do when you have a crowd, here, then?"

"The room on the left is at your service," she answered, quietly.

"Let me withdraw in your favour, remarked Oswald, arising. "I'll read my paper, and wait for you."

"Humph! thank you," rejoined the other, drawing down his brows and surveying the young man from head to foot. The scrutiny evidently pleased him, for he nodded slightly, and muttered to himself in a chuckling voice.

Madame was not especially gratified at this change, but said nothing.

The room which Oswald had entered was long and narrow, and furnished only with a bureau and two chairs. At the central end was a door, fastened securely, as he ascertained by trying it. If he could but get into the next apartment, he might hear what Leonia was saying, and thus get an idea of her mission here. Taking his keys from his pocket, he sought to fit one to the lock, but none was suitable; then remembering his safe key, he made an attempt with that, and, much to his surprise and delight, the door swung open. Another room similar to the first was thus revealed, with the exception that there was a window in the farther wall, looking into the room which Leonia had entered. Excited by his success, he mounted on a chair and peered in. There sat Leonia, her hands clasped in her lap, and her blue eyes fixed with a sad pleading upon her companion—the Madame Bolah whom Oswald had first seen. Eagerly he waited for them to speak, careful to keep himself secure from their sight. Moments passed, and the suspense was becoming exasperating as well as oppressive, when he heard Leonia say:

"You will agree to this, and take the money?"

"Yes, to the first, not to the second."

"What do you mean? Is the amount too small?"

"Yes; you must double it."

A moment's silence ensued, during which Oswald could hear the throbs of his own heart.

Then Leonia answered, despairingly:

"It is my only hope. Oh, Heaven! that I should be brought to this! I will give it to you—here it is!"

Trembling from the force of the dreadful thoughts that seemed to burn and hiss in his mind, Oswald looked again and saw Leonia count out some bank-notes, and give them to her companion—as he believed, to pay for murder!

For a moment his brain was chaos—the walls seemed to whirl; then tears started to his eyes, and his lip quivered as a child who looks for the last time upon a beloved parent.

Again his face flushed, fire leaped from his eyes, his teeth met, and his fists closed till the nails pierced the flesh.

It was too much; it was incredible, monstrous—appalling!

"But true—Oh, Heaven!" he whispered, huskily, carrying out his reflection. "True, for I have heard it! But why do I grieve? There is one who will love me even in disguise; and better, far better, were her pure heart than this beautiful fiend with her thousands!"

He stepped down, locked the door, and hurried back to the office. The second madame had just finished her sitting for the old gentleman, and was now ready for Oswald; but, muttering an excuse, he started for the street. A little way down he saw Leonia's carriage and shuddered; then, impulsively, he ran, and paused not until he came face to face with Rose Foster.

#### CHAPTER X.

SURPRISED at meeting her who had been the chief subject of his thoughts a few moments previous, Oswald Loring paused, and was about to speak, but

suddenly remembering his disguise, he stepped aside and moved hurriedly on. Why was Rose Foster here at this hour, and alone? He halted again and leaning against a building, watched her narrowly. She had increased her pace and was rapidly nearing the clairvoyant's office. Mrs. Milton's carriage had gone.

Noting these facts at a glance, Oswald crossed the street, and, keeping as much as possible in the shade of buildings, silently and quickly retraced his steps. The presence of Rose was a painful mystery.

While thus reflecting he saw a man come out of the gambling-saloon just this side of Madame Bolah's office—saw him accost Rose—saw her start and then bend her head to listen. Quietly drawing near, Loring vainly tried to catch the man's words—wondering the while who he was, and why Rose should allow him to address her. From these thoughts he was startled by a piercing shriek, and rushing forward, he caught the fainting girl in his arms just in time to save her from falling on the pavement, while the man who had accosted her suddenly vanished. Oswald's first thought was that she had received some bodily injury, but a hasty glance at her clothing convinced him that such was not the case, and that words alone had produced the fright. In the meantime he had vigorously rubbed her brow and wrists, and now she evinced signs of returning consciousness. Eagerly he waited her full recovery. Presently she drew away from him, and said in a low voice:

"I am quite strong now. I thank you very much, sir, for your kindness."

"Merely my duty, if you please, miss," he answered, in an assumed voice. "I should like to know, however, what calls you out at this hour, without an attendant?"

"You have a right to ask the question. I know it is not nice to be seen in the street in the evening, but I could not help coming alone; my mother is ill. I was on my way to the clairvoyant's office, hoping that she could give me some tidings of my brother who is lost," she rejoined, very modestly, and moved a step forward.

"One moment, if you please. Why did you not come in the daytime?"

"I am a working-girl, sir, I cannot choose my own time," she said, somewhat impatiently. "Now if your curiosity is satisfied you will allow me to proceed."

"You will not refuse my escort, I trust?"

"I am obliged to you, but I prefer to go alone," she responded, and with a slight nod proceeded on her way.

Oswald Loring stood watching her a moment, with mingled feelings of gladness and self-reproach.

How quick he had been to suspect her, and how quietly, how modestly, how reservedly, and yet honestly, had she told him her mission; not dreaming but that she was talking to a perfect stranger.

He felt ashamed of his mistrust, and admired Rose all the more because she had so firmly declined his company; it showed how cautious she was.

For a moment longer he gazed after her retreating form—saw her enter Madame Bolah's office, and then, turning, he ran swiftly away.

Ten minutes later he was at the same spot habited in his own clothes and gazing wistfully toward the clairvoyant's door.

Ere long he saw Rose come forth from the building, and he walked slowly forward to meet her. As he came opposite to her he looked up and said, with well-assumed astonishment:

"Miss Foster, is it possible?"

"Good evening, Mr. Loring," she replied, with some confusion, and then, as she accepted his proffered escort, she went on to explain why she was out, not omitting to relate her fright and its cause; the latter, however, she did not state with due regard to correctness, her story being to the effect that the man had warned her of Mrs. Milton, and in such terrible language that fear at once deprived her of her senses.

At any other time Oswald Loring would have doubted this, but after what he had seen and heard in Madame Bolah's private room it was only too easy of belief, and he accordingly accepted it all as a sad and painful truth.

He did not, however, acknowledge to Rose that he thought Leonia capable of malice, and as the girl did not ask his opinion he was not obliged to refer to the subject in any way.

After a protracted ride and a short walk, they reached the girl's home, and Oswald was about bidding her good-night when she asked him very earnestly to come in.

"It is so very late," he began, and glanced hesitatingly at his watch, but she interrupted him with the assertion that her mother wished to see him on business, and so, with an appearance of reluctance, he complied.

Mrs. Foster was in the sitting-room busily sew-

ing, and Loring was forced to think that this did not tend to corroborate Rose's statements in regard to her mother's indisposition; but the discrepancy was made whole by Mrs. Foster remarking that she had been off her bed only an hour; she had grown so lonely she must work to "keep herself company."

Loring being seated, a desultory conversation ensued, which was followed by Rose's repetition of her adventure, and then came an awkward silence. Oswald was uneasy and not inclined to converse, and he was about rising to depart when Mrs. Foster raised her eyes to his face and slowly said:

"Mr. Loring, I want a professional opinion from you on a subject which I should not dare introduce to you as a man—only as a lawyer."

"Will you be kind enough to explain yourself, madam?"

"Certainly; I hope you won't be offended," she continued, with a conciliating smile. "I don't know as I ought to have made such a preface, but as I like people to be careful of my feelings, I always try to do the same with others. You see, we have no one to aid us by advice, and so I am compelled to annoy a stranger—though really, Mr. Loring, you do not seem like a stranger, because you have always been so kind."

"You remember when you were here before, Mr. Loring? Well, it was only two days, I believe, after that, when Mrs. Milton sent for Rose to call on her—"

"I didn't suppose you were going to repeat this to Mr. Loring; if I had, I shouldn't have told him you wanted to see him on business," interposed Rose, indignantly. "I can't see what this has to do with his profession."

"She is so careful and particular," said Mrs. Foster, apologetically, and with a side glance at the lawyer; and then, turning to Rose, she added: "Please, don't interrupt me again, dear. I have judged it best that we should tell our friend and counsel all about it."

Rose dropped her eyes as if ashamed, and her mother resumed:

"Well, as I was about to say, Rose went, and what should Mrs. Milton do—after taking and making my daughter confess that we were poor—but offers us a house out in the country. Just think, propose to give us a house with land, and then she told Rose to come home and bring me back to dinner, and she would give us the deed. Rose, dear child, came home happy as could be, and threw her arms around my neck, telling me with great enthusiasm what an angel Mrs. Milton was."

"Now I'm the last person in the world, Mr. Loring, to question anybody's motives, but think I to myself, this is too sudden; why should she love us so much all at once, when many's the time that she has beaten Rose down in her work, and many's the time again that we have had to go without comfortable things because she neglected to pay Rose?"

At this point Mrs. Foster paused once more and threaded her needle, doubtless expecting an expression of sympathy from her listener, but he kept his lips firmly closed, and she continued her statements:

"Well, as I said before, I thought of all these things, and the more I thought the less I believed in the purity of her motives. And I told Rose so, but she declared that I was unjust, and thought it very cruel in me to have such an opinion of her. But Rose is confiding, and a child in many respects, you know, Mr. Loring. To satisfy Rose I said I would go and see Mrs. Milton, and I did. I asked the latter why she wanted to give us a house, and she said because we were worthy and needy. I asked her why she had not considered this before when keeping Rose out of her hard-earned money week after week, and she could not say a word; she blushed and hung her head, and then angrily told me that I was impudent. I knew that she had a motive, and I very politely informed her that we would not buy a home at the cost of principle—that honest poverty was better than a nice home when its owner felt that it came to them merely as a blind bribe to further some unknown purpose. Now, Mr. Loring, don't you think that she offered it to me to help along some scheme? I appeal to your sagacity as a lawyer."

"You have raised a question purely personal, and such do not come within the range of my professional duties," rejoined the barrister, with dignity. He might feel that Leonia was wicked, but no earthly power could force him to breathe a word against her.

"There, I told you so!" exclaimed Rose, bursting into tears. "You have annoyed Mr. Loring, and I am sure done Mrs. Milton great injustice. She was just as kind as she could be until you charged her with something wrong, which you had no right to do. Oh, mother, when will you learn to be more cautious?"

(To be continued.)





## EDITH OF THE CLIFF; OR, THE SMUGGLER.

### CHAPTER IX.

On the morning following the landing of the brig's cargo Ralph Seabright took his way toward the Castle according to agreement; but the steward did not care to have him present himself before the servants, so he was out early on the look-out, and met the lieutenant near to the secret entrance to the cave.

Seen by daylight Ralph Seabright was a hard looking man. His aspect on shore was more sinister than it had been on board the smuggler. Surrounded by the outlawed crew there was a certain relief afforded to his naturally dark and brigandish appearance which was wanting as he walked the king's highway. No wonder Peter Moncton did not wish the servants to see him.

"Ah, Master Moncton, you weren't afraid I would not come?"

"No, Seabright; but I did not care to give the household at the Castle food for gossip. I thought we could confer more at our ease, and more safely, behind our old cover. Will you go into the cave?"

"Anywhere you please."

Without farther remark, the steward, having assured himself that no prying eyes were near, lifted away the curtain of vines just sufficiently for the passage of himself and companion, and when they had gone through the cover was dropped as before.

They remained in the cave an hour or more, and when they came forth Seabright went towards the Pool, while Moncton took his way up towards the Castle.

Near the middle of the forenoon the smuggler chief called upon the steward, all traces of the sea discarded from his apparel, and his appearance that of a gentleman.

Unlike his first lieutenant, he could accommodate himself to his surroundings, and even his dark face looked less stern and dark on shore than on the quarter-deck of his vessel.

"Where now?" asked Peter, seeing the chief in his shore rig.

"I have friends in Dorsetshire," returned Lowden,

### [FLIGHTING TRUTH.]

"and while Seabright makes his run across the Channel and back I think I will go and see them. He tells me that he has made all necessary arrangements with you."

"Yes," said Moncton, "he understands his part. And so, captain," the steward continued, after a pause, "you are resolved that you will not help me in this?"

"In the abduction of the fair maid of the Cliff, do you mean?"

"Ay."

"Peter Moncton, you ought to thank your stars that I am willing to give you up the use of my crew and of my share of the brig, and to take myself out of the way. Did another than you propose to do this thing I would thwart him if I could. Ay, be thankful that Arnold Lowden is off for Dorsetshire."

If the steward was wroth at the captain's emphatic and somewhat stinging speech, he dared not show it; and swallowing his chagrin as best he could, he said it was all right, and expressed the hope that the captain would enjoy a pleasant visit.

Farther than this Lowden simply wanted a hundred pounds in money, having received which he went away.

On the day following, towards evening, Guy Drummond made his appearance at the light-keeper's cot. Old Donald was surprised by the visit, as he thought the commander of the brigantine many miles away. And so was Edith surprised. But they were both evidently glad to see him. The light-keeper was fain to say as much, and surely the bright glow in the maiden's brown eyes and upon her fair cheeks was not indicative of unrest or annoyance.

"I had business in Exeter," Guy explained, after he had taken a seat, "so I left my vessel in charge of my first officer, and came on. I turned aside to Arncliffe for two purposes. One was to see the brig which I was informed had arrived in the Pool, and the other was to see my friends upon this cliff. I am frank, you see."

Donald smiled and nodded, and Edith did not attempt to hide her true feelings. The colour upon her face was not a blush, but the reflection of warm and grateful emotion. Shortly after this she set about preparing for the evening meal, the visitor having signified that he would partake with them.

"You have seen the brig?" said Donald, while Edith was setting the table.

"Yes," answered Guy.

"Of course she is a smuggler."

"I should say so, certainly. In fact, good Donald, I know she is. Do you know her commander?"

"I have seen him. He has broken bread with me."

"And what do you think of him?"

"That, Captain Drummond, is a difficult question to answer. Unfortunately I know that he is a contrabandist and an outlaw; but he is not so bad a man as is —"

"Whom?" asked Guy, as the old man came to a dead stop.

"I should not fear to trust you, Guy Drummond. I was about to speak the name of Peter Moncton, the steward of Arncliffe."

"You think he is a bad man?"

"I think nothing. What I know I know. Go and ask the tenants whom he grinds into the dust. They will tell you—or they could tell you if they dared."

"I have heard something of this; but never mind that for the present. You do not think Arnold Lowden—such, I am informed, is the smuggler captain's name—you do not regard him as a bad man at heart?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"He has entire command of the brig, has he not?"

"I suppose so."

"Then," said Guy, as at Edith's call he approached the tea-table, "the vessel will lie quietly at her moorings for a few days at least. Her commander has gone upon a visit into Dorsetshire. Mine host of the 'Arncliffe Arms,' Jacob Funk, pointed him out to me as he went away upon the Exeter coach."

"Well," returned Donald, as he took his seat at the table, "I suppose he goes away feeling perfectly safe. No government cruiser, without special information, would be likely to discover the brig in that cliff-locked basin."

"And if the discovery should be made," suggested Donald, "what could it amount to? Be sure the brig has not a contraband article on board. Arnold Lowden would not go away and leave her if she had. And, farther, the steward of Arncliffe stands ready to vouch for her respectability."

"I see," said Guy, sipping his tea. And after a time he added: "I am relieved to find the smuggler chief gone. Of course the brig cannot move until he returns."

"I should suppose not," answered Donald.

"Then let her rest where she is for the present,

When her commander is again on her deck she may need watching."

After this the conversation turned upon general topics, and flowed freely until the meal was concluded.

The sun had disappeared behind the Dartmoor Hills as they arose from the table, and when Edith had cleared away, and put things in order, Donald put on his hat and started for the beacon. He had some matters there which required his attention before the lamps were lighted, and the time for lighting up was not far distant.

"If I am not here when you come back," said Guy, as the old man lighted his pipe, preparatory to going out, "be sure I will stop and see you on my return from Exeter, which will not be later than the day after to-morrow."

"You will be welcome when you please to come, captain, and good fortune till we meet again."

"The same to you, Donald."

And with this the lightkeeper left the cot. For a time after he was gone Guy and Edith sat in silence, but not a dead silence. No, no—it was a silence eloquent and impressive, and the visitor did not suffer it to become burdensome. He was the first to speak.

"Edith, let us bid the old day good-bye from the free and wind-swept shelves of the Cliff. What say you?"

"It would be pleasant, then, here at this hour," returned the maiden, smiling as she spoke. She got her light hat and mantle and was soon ready.

"A cheerful parting with the old day," remarked Guy, as they stepped over the threshold, "seems to be a promise of a bright evening of to-morrow day. May the new day, and all the days to come, be bright for us, Edith."

"Heaven grant it!" she uttered, fervently. Her heart fluttered, as was apparent from her voice, and her hand trembled upon her companion's arm; but her face was serenely bright and beautiful, and the very light of heaven seemed reflected in the eyes that were uplifted as she spoke.

The shadows of evening had fallen, and a mild breeze, laden with the perfume of ten thousand blossoms, swept gratefully seaward from the land; a new moon hung in the west, and the stars were beginning to gleam in the realm from which the king of day had departed.

Not another word was spoken until they reached a point of the Cliff where the rock was broken into abrupt terraces, as though the hand of man had cut out block after block for architectural purposes; and here, where they could overlook the sea, they sat down.

Guy had not spoken, because his thoughts had been wandering—not wandering aimlessly, but reaching back as though he would gather up the threads of a life that had many parts.

And Edith had not spoken, because her thoughts were not such as, in that hour and in that companionship, she could give to speech.

A little while of gazing off upon the glinting wavelets of the Channel, and Guy broke the silence.

"Edith," he said, taking one of her hands, and holding it very tenderly, "I came hither this evening with a great purpose in my mind. I did not tell old Donald all that had led my footsteps. You may say that I have known you but for a short time, and yet I have known you longer than you think. I have known you long enough, and have come to know you well enough, to desire that the blessed knowledge may never cease. Dear girl, I do not think you have been wholly blind to my feelings."

He paused, but Edith did not reply. Her head was bent, and a tremor shook her frame; but she was not offended; if she had been she would have withdrawn the hand which still reposed confidently in her companion's warm grasp.

"Edith"—his voice was lower, and more earnest and direct—"I am going to ask you a question which I dare hope you may answer without long consideration. If I bring to you such evident proofs of my fair and honourable standing in society, if I can give you to know that there is no taint nor blemish upon my name or upon my character, will you give me this hand to hold as my own—your heart with it—and will you be my Edith—my wife—to share with me the joys and the trials of the coming time?"

She looked up into his face with a radiant, happy expression, and yet there was a shadow of reproof falling athwart the earnest light of her eyes.

"Guy," she said, drawing nearer to him, "were I to answer your question with simple directness, I should make it appear that not yet was I fully able to trust you. If you can be false—if you can be aught else than a true and loyal man—then I should fear to trust anything earthly. Life would be robbed of

its brightest pictures; imagination would shrink back appalled; and the cold, rugged facts of existence would hardly be worth living for. If you can trust me, the poor, nameless wail of the Cliff, surely I should trust you."

"Are you sure, Edith?"

"Oh, Guy, do not think I am infatuated or blind. I do not fear to trust my own heart. I know that you do not willingly speak falsehood; and have you not spoken enough to tell me who and what you are?"

"And you mean, Edith, that you will give me your promise now—that you will be my wife?"

She reached her free hand up to his shoulder, and looked lovingly upon him from her lustrous, truth-telling eyes.

"On all the earth," she said, "I could ask no greater happiness than that. To be your wife, Guy—to love you and cherish you—to be true and faithful to the end—to be wholly yours, and your true heart to be all my own—Oh, Guy, it is not impious to call such joy of Heaven!"

With murmured blessings Guy drew the beautiful girl to his bosom and held her there along, long time. He kissed her, not passionately, but with tender reverence, and thanked Heaven for the new light and joy that had entered into his life.

By-and-by they arose, and went toward the lighthouse. They walked slowly, and their conversation was all to that beautiful language which only lovers can really understand and appreciate. They ascended a narrow, winding stone staircase, and found old Donald in the little chamber next below the lamp-deck. He lifted his head as they stood before him, and took the pipe from his mouth. If he had not been able to gather from Guy's face an index to the truth, it was plainly revealed to him upon the face of his fair ward. Such a transfiguration could have but one meaning.

Guy, holding Edith's hand in his two, spoke: "My good Donald, I have asked your pet if she will be my wife. She has said yes, and I am so glad that I should not be here now. I want the seal of your approval to the contract."

The old man laid aside his pipe and wiped the tears from his cheeks. His voice was broken, but the emotion was not one of pain.

"My dear boy," he said, "you know not how near you have come to the earnest longings of my heart. I am growing old; I am almost as a broken reed—don't dispute me. I know my own feelings. I have lived almost the allotted age of man, and my remaining years upon earth must be of suffering. If I feel this, I have thought what was to become of my pet when I am gone."

"Dear guardian," cried Edith, springing to his side, and winding an arm round his neck, "do not talk so. You will live years to share our happiness."

"Bless you, darling! If it be Heaven's will, so be it; but it is well to be prepared for the end, when the end may be near."

He kissed her, and sent her back to her lover's side.

"This very evening," he went on, "sitting here all alone, I have thought much and deeply of what might be the future of my pet. Until this insane demand of the Monotonous I had never worried; but now, knowing what I know, I would not dare to leave the dear girl unprotected by a strong arm in which I had confidence. Guy Drummond, I have confidence in you. If Edith has given you her heart, and you love her truly and wholly, so far as my frail and feeble consent is concerned, you have it. Edith, darling! it will be hard parting from you; but—but—"

His voice failed him, and as he lowered his head upon his hands the large tear-drops trickled through his fingers. Both Guy and Edith were quickly by his side.

"Donald," said the former, "the rest of your years on earth shall not be lonely. If we cannot find a companion to take Edith's place, a new man shall be found for the beacon and you shall come with us."

"Ah, Guy, that may not be. After all these years I could not leave my post of duty. I shall stay here while I live."

"Then be it ours to make you happy here. We will find a way, never fear."

"Thank you, Guy, your dear love and the love of my pet will be much to that end. But, surely," the old man continued, brightening up, "this is not a time for sadness or repining. I give you joy, my children, and I will rejoice with you. Yes, my son, will remain and breakfast with us in the morning?"

"I wish I could, Donald, but it may not be. I must be in Exeter to-night. I shall return very soon, however, and then we may have much to say and many plans to lay out."

They talked a while longer, pleasantly and cheerfully, and then Guy, consulting his watch, declared that he must go.

"Donald," he said, after he arose, "you will look well to this precious charge. I think, considering all the circumstances, that for a few days, or until my return, Edith had better occupy the cot in this room while you are obliged to be with your lamps. You may think me over anxious, but the precaution can at least do no harm, even though it be unnecessary."

"I would like to have it so," said the lightkeeper. "Then so it shall be," added Edith, with a bright smile. "I will bring up some of my clothing this very night."

"Only to make assurance doubly sure," said Guy, pleasantly. "I am become a very miser with my new-found treasure. I cannot find too many bolts and bars to put between it and wicked hands. Adieu for a little time, Donald. Happy days are in the future."

Guy and Edith went down the narrow stone steps, and descended to the cot.

The night was calm and quiet, the gentle westerly breeze being just sufficient to bring up the grateful aroma from the vales.

"Shall I not wait and see you back to the beacon?" Guy asked, as they stopped upon the door-stone.

"Oh, no, Guy; that were giving way too much to fearful fancy."

So he stood there and held her for a little time in his bosom, and then, with a kiss and a blessing, he turned away, and went down from the Cliff. Once he stopped, and turned back, having half made up his mind that he would return and see Edith safely to the lighthouse; but he feared she might think him over sensitive—that his almost care might burden her—and he kept on.

Al! Guy, Guy, why did you not obey the promptings of the silent monitor?

He could have seen the eyes that watched you from the adjacent cot, if you could have suspected even so much as that your footsteps since the darkness fell, the impending blow might have been watched.

## CHAPTER X.

UP in the little parlour of the lighthouse old Donald fixed the cot which had been put there for his own use, and then went up and trimmed his lamps. He descended again to the parlour, and sat down, and waited.

An hour passed, and he became uneasy. "They make a long leave-taking of it," he said to himself. "Or perhaps Edith thinks she will not come to-night. Upon my soul, I think she would be better here. Guy is right. There is danger in the air. I will go and bring her up."

He looked once more to his lamps, and then went down to the cot. As he approached he saw the sight of no light burning. He entered beneath the lowly roof, and found all hushed and still; very likely Guy had gone, and his pet had retired to her own bed.

He went to the door of her sleeping-room and knocked. There was no answer. He knocked more loudly, and still no response.

He opened the door and went in. Edith was not there.

He went back into the living-room and called aloud. He went out upon the Cliff and called more loudly still. He cried out from cot to cot until his deep notes were echoed from every quarter, and those dull echoes were the only response to his efforts.

"Where, oh, where can she be?"

Did he think she might have gone with Guy Drummond? No—the thought never once presented itself to his mind.

When he had fully assured himself that Edith was nowhere upon the Cliff, his thoughts went out towards Peter Monotonous.

Richard was the suitor, but he believed the father to be the plotting spirit. He called to mind the look and tone of the steward at their last interview, and surely there had been therein no hinting of good to his fair ward.

But could Edith have possibly gone to the lighthouse by the outer path?

He hastened back to see. No, she was not there.

Once more in the cot on the Cliff, he shouted the name of his pet with all the power at his command. Only the same melancholy echoes answered him.

By-and-by he collected his thoughts and reflected. Surely Monotonous was at the bottom of the calamity—either the father or the son. Ay, had not Richard violently assaulted the girl by the wayside?

"Ha!" he cried, with a start, "Guy Drummond rescued her from the ruffian, and doubtless they have sworn vengeance upon him. Peter Monotonous has plenty of spies. He knows that Guy has visited the cot. Very likely the visit of this evening has been



watched and reported. They fear the young man, they fear that he will win my pet from them and they fear him as the wicked always fear those who pursue them."

"Ay, the Monctons had spirited the girl away. And where had they taken her? Not to the castle, for few of the old servants liked the steward, and he would not dare to expose to them his knavery."

"Where then? A thought came upon the lightkeeper like a flash. With a fierce smiting of his clenched right hand into the palm of the left, he cried:

"The brig! the brig! I know that Peter Moncton owned a large share in her. Her commander is away. In the absence of Arnold Lowden the villain can himself take command. Oh, the brig! the brig!"

And away he dashed at headlong speed down the Cliff, along the narrow, bending path to the shore of the Pool.

Broad and tranquil was the bosom of the landlocked bay, reflecting back the twinkling gleams of the thousands of stars. From shore to shore, across the glinting water, the old man could plainly see, but no brig was there.

He knew that he had been there late in the afternoon, for he had seen her. And he had seen her, he thought, as he turned and sped away towards the upper headland.

If the lightkeeper's superstitious belief was to be trusted, under the unusual aspect he did not notice it. He saw a young, younger, lighter man might have done, and the dimmed the light, leaving from crag to crag as he had never done before, even in his youth.

Arrived at the summit of the headland—the "Upper Jaw" of the Pool—he gazed out upon the Channel, and there, upon the strait water, a vessel more distant and steering to the southward, he saw the brig.

He was assured that Edith was on board. Only upon some extraordinary mission would the brig have gone to sea without her chief.

He collected the facts and put them together. The result was that Edith had been carried away to the brig, and that the Monctons were the instigators.

Then Donald Murchinson turned his face towards Arncliffe Castle. He walked swiftly for a time, but more slowly by-and-by, and when he came to the ascent of the embankment upon which the lighthouse was situated, he was forced to rest before he could proceed.

He went on a little further, and when he reached the entrance to the court he found both gate and wicket closed and locked. But the tower of the great hall in the tower of the lighthouse, within his reach, and he speedily sent post after post knocking out upon the startled air of night.

Ere long the wicket opened and Luke Sargent, the old porter, in a livery and blunderbuss, made his appearance.

"Who is it that makes this unseasonably—Hal! Donald, is it you?"

"Ay, good Luke, and I am in sore distress. Is the steward, Peter Moncton, in?"

"But the distress, Donald? What has happened?"

"My Edith has been stolen away and I cannot find her."

"Mercy on us! Edith stolen—kidnapped? My soul! have you thought of the smugglers?"

"Yes, Luke, I have thought of them. But is the steward in?"

"Yes. He came in not an hour ago."

"Let me see him, Luke. Lead me to his room."

"If he has not gone to bed."

"In bed or out, I must see him. Do not detain or refuse me."

With various mutterings of his wonder Luke unlocked the wicket, and set the blunderbuss back in the porch of the lodge, and then led the way to the Castle.

Peter Moncton was in the library, with the brandy-bottle at his elbow, and there Donald found him.

The steward's first look and movement were of anger at this unwarranted and untimely intrusion; but he restrained himself, and when he saw the living agony upon the lightkeeper's face—the agony and the wrath—he became calm and collected even to politeness. Evidently he had concluded that he must play a part.

"Good Donald, to what am I indebted for this unusual occurrence—a visit from the keeper of the king's light at such an hour?"

Donald Murchinson could not find his speech at first. He sank into a chair, completely out of breath; but by-and-by he was able to speak.

"Peter Moncton," he cried, with direct accusation in his look and tone, "where is Edith?"

Anger was again in the steward's heart, but he kept it back.

"My dear Donald," he said, with a smiling bow, "I will not profess to misunderstand you. I am aware that your fair ward has been taken away."

"Oh! you know it? you acknowledge it?"

"Easy, Donald. I will tell you what I know, and then you will understand that our interests are one and the same. I not only know that Edith has been forcibly abducted, but I have every reason to believe that she has been carried away in the brig that lay at anchor this morning in the Pool."

This ready assertion by the steward, made so frankly, and with so much seeming honesty and feeling, threw the old lightkeeper, for a time, entirely aback.

"It so happened," continued Moncton, after a pause, "that one of my servants was coming up from the Pool this evening, where I had sent him to watch the movements of the brig—for, to tell you the truth, Donald, I have had my suspicions that the vessel is not what she ought to be. I fear she is a smuggler. If I caught the necessary proof, and she makes her appearance here again, I shall take possession of her in the name of the government."

But, as I was saying, my servant was coming up the narrow path when he met at least two men, two of whom bore a female captive. He got near enough to recognize Edith, and would have expostulated with the ruffians, but three of them presented pistols and ordered him off. What could he do? He could only make all haste to the Castle, and give the alarm. Unfortunately, both Richard and myself were away at the time, but as soon as we got information we hurried down to the Pool, arriving at the water's edge just in season to see the brig standing out through the entrance. Perhaps you can imagine our feelings. Think what your own would have been, had you been in our place, and you have them."

Again there was a pause, but poor Donald knew not what to say in reply.

The steward had spoken very softly and candidly, and yet his hearer knew that he had spoken falsely in part, if not in the whole.

Donald was morally certain that Peter Moncton was not only the principal receiver of the contraband goods, but that he also owned a large share in the brig. If there was falsehood in one place, how was he to decide what to believe, and what to disbelieve?

"But," pursued the steward, as his visitor did not respond, "be sure we did not mistake. We saw the brig, when clear of the headland, steer to the southward. With all possible haste we had a fleet horse saddled and bridled, and Richard, with a brace of pistols in the holsters, mounted. His directions were simple, and he will carry them into execution if he lives. He will strike the high road at Camston's, and thence to Kingswear, whence he will cross over to Dartmouth, reaching that place before midnight. At Dartmouth he will be sure to find a government vessel. The brig has but a light breeze, and she may be overhauled before she passes that point. At all events, Richard will follow her. If the government fails him, he has authority to charter a swift vessel at my expense, and rescue Edith at any cost of labour and money."

Donald was not prepared to dispute the steward's flourishing statements. He did not fully believe, nor did he, as yet, absolutely disbelieve. But there was one important point not yet touched upon.

"Master Moncton, who do you think did this wicked thing?"

"Do you ask that question seriously?" returned Peter, with a show of exceeding surprise.

"I would certainly like to know," said Donald.

"And do you not suspect?"

"My suspicions may be all wrong."

"Poor old Donald, your perceptions must be amazingly dull. Who but the notorious smuggler calling himself Guy Drummond could have run off with your fair ward? Have you no eyes? Have you not seen that the smuggler chief has been smitten by the girl's beauty?"

"Are you sure that Guy Drummond is a smuggler?" asked Donald, dreamily.

"Ay—and his father was a smuggler, notorious and law-defying, before him."

"His father?"

"Yes, did you never hear of him? His son bears his name—worthy son of such a sire! The father was the Guy Drummond of other years."

Donald Murchinson started out from his dream. He remembered now what he had not been able to call to mind before. The name of the youthful adventurer had had a familiar ring in his ear, and he now knew why it had been so; and, furthermore, he wondered at his own stupidity in having so easily forgotten.

"Surely," said Moncton, little dreaming of the direction Donald's memories and reflections had

taken, "you remember that notorious outlaw of a few and twenty years ago?"

"Yes," returned the lightkeeper, bracing himself, and speaking with wonderful depth of feeling. "I remember now; I remember that an English ship at war had been wrecked somewhere off Anglessea, and that Guy Drummond, the smuggler, coming down the Irish Sea, thought the wind was blowing a gale, risked his own life to save the lives of those on the wreck. He saved all—every one—and gave himself a sacrifice. The admiral, appreciating his grand and heroic devotion, presented him to the king. Guy Drummond was not only pardoned, and restored to full civil rights, by royal proclamation, but he died with the full commission of lieutenant in the Royal Navy in his possession. His son, also called Guy Drummond, was early given a warrant in the East India Company's service, and while yet a mere boy, not more than sixteen, he received a commission. I only blame myself for a stupid doubt that I should have forgotten. And this is the youth, now grown to manhood, that you call a smuggler!"

For a brief space Peter Moncton was confounded; but he had started to play a part, and he would not give it up. Swallowing his indignation, he replied:

"I have heard the name that you have heard, Donald; but what is born in man will sooner or later manifest itself. It is evident enough that the young Guy Drummond has drifted into the old track of his senior, why else should he be heretic in this classed way?"

Donald came very near telling why he thought Guy Drummond had come to Arncliffe, but he checked himself in time.

He was satisfied now that Moncton had lied to him from beginning to end; and he was further mortified that it was beyond his power, then and there, to help his cause.

The atmosphere of the library, with Peter Moncton's presence, stifled him. He wanted to get out into the fresh air to think. He did not care to trust himself longer under the influence of the false-hearted, bad man. His temper he felt to be getting the upper hand of him, and if he suffered himself to give way to his indignation and wrath he might do something very foolish.

"Peter Moncton," he said, rising from his seat, and taking his hat, "touching the movements of Guy Drummond, or the meaning thereof, you must answer your own questions. I can answer none of them. I must go now and look to my light. I have neglected it too long."

"And," said the steward with a polite and condescending bow, "the moment I gain word from Richard I will let you know. Be sure he will not give up until Edith is safely under his protecting care. I will keep you informed. Luke will open the wicket for you. Good-night, my friend, and may your dreams of Edith be pleasant."

In a dazed way, and almost staggering under the effect of internal mental ferment, the lightkeeper went out from the library. In the main hall, upon the ground floor, he found the old porter, who had evidently been waiting for him.

"Well, Donald, have you gained anything by the visit?"

The question set the current of the lightkeeper's mind in a new direction, or, at least, in that direction it gave singleness of purpose, without the intervention of obfuscating conjectures. Had he gained anything by the visit? Yes, certainly. He had discovered beyond a doubt that Edith had been taken away by the brig, and he furthermore felt assured that Peter Moncton and his son were the responsible parties for the outrage. He did not think his pet would be personally harmed. They would only seek to force her into marriage with Richard. Of course she must suffer—and who should help her? Would she be brought back? Would she be allowed to return until, by fair means or foul, the connubial knot had been secured? Ah! poor Donald did not know whether he had gained by the visit or not.

"I don't know, Luke," he said, as they stepped out into the court, "I thought at first I had gained, and perhaps I had. At least, I know where my pet is."

"Hal!" cried Luke, at this juncture, "what man is that? What ho, there! Donald, did you not see a man leap across the path by yonder horse-block?"

"I saw something," returned the lightkeeper.

"It was a man, I am sure."

But the man was not found, and after a time the two reached the gate, Donald having told such parts of his story as he chose to tell on the way.

Once outside the castle walls the lightkeeper quickened his pace, for despite his great anxiety concerning Edith he could not forget that the king's lamps required his attention.

A vessel might be wrecked and human lives lost through his negligence.

He had gone but a short distance, however, when

his attention was arrested by a quick step behind him, and a touch upon his arm. He turned and beheld the old warlock.

"Manfred!" he cried, in a tone of relief; for his first flash of thought had been of an enemy.

"Yes, Donald," the warlock rejoined, "it is Manfred."

And the two walked along together,

"Oh, Manfred do you know—"

"I know all," interrupted the man of mystery, "even to every word of your conversation with the steward of Arncliffe."

"How! were you where you could hear?"

"Yes."

"But—"

"Hold! Donald, ask me no questions in that direction. I have come to set your mind at rest as far as may be. Of course Peter Moncton lied to you."

"I know that he lied about Guy Drummond; and, knowing that, I knew that he lied about the rest."

"You are right. In all that he told you there were but two facts truth, and even these were bad falsehoods in spirit. Edith was taken away on board the brig, and Richard Moncton has gone in pursuit; but he will not find her. I have sent true friends upon the track."

"But," cried the lightkeeper, "was not Richard engaged in the abduction?"

"Yes, but not personally. It was planned by him and his father that he should appear bodily upon the scene only as a rescuer. But the plan will not succeed. Go to your beacon, Donald, and leave the matter in my hands. I shall have Guy Drummond to assist me, and, be assured, he is a host in himself. Do not seek the steward again. He is under a surveillance which he cannot escape. He does not know it, and he cannot guard against it. You can do nothing but patiently wait."

"Oh! Manfred, if I could feel assured that no harm should come to my pet."

"I give you the assurance, Donald. I am not in the habit of speaking at random. Now go and look to your light and leave the rest to me."

They separated at the Castle eminence.

When Donald reached the lighthouse he found the flames of the lamp very low, but not extinguished. They had waited for him; and this he considered a good omen.

And so, on the whole, he felt his visit to have been a success.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE.

A METHOD of procuring fresh water from sea water through the direct action of the sun's rays is among the foreign inventions. The apparatus consists of a box of wood one inch thick, about fourteen feet long, two feet wide, and of an average depth of six inches. The upper part of the box is closed with ordinary glass, which has an inclination of an inch and a half. At the lower edge of the glass there is a semicircular channel, destined to receive the fresh water which is condensed on the interior surface of the glass. The operation is exceedingly simple. The salt water is let into the box for about an inch in depth, and it is then exposed to the rays of the sun. A very active evaporation begins, and it is found that a square metre of glass will condense daily the amount of two gallons of pure water.

**PNEUMATIC TELEGRAPHY.**—Pneumatic telegraphy has become quite an institution of the age. Scarcely a capital in Europe has failed to avail itself of its facilities to complete its telegraphic system. When stations lie together, close and thick, it is manifestly advantageous to connect them by mechanical means, so as to save, by the transport of the actual telegrams themselves, the multiplication of wires, apparatus, and clerks; and especially so when this can be done with a rapidity equal to that of telegraphy itself. Messages cannot be manipulated or written out at a greater rapidity than forty words per minute; so that if it is possible to transport a telegram itself from one place to another in a minute not only is speed of transmission obtained, but all sources of error are eliminated. In fact, the average initial delay occupied by messages on the shortest lines is about five minutes, so that tubes which can convey the messages bodily within this limit are economical and beneficial. The essential element of telegraphy is speed of transmission, and it is evident that, when currents of air can produce greater despatch than currents of electricity, pneumatic tubes are preferable to wires. But, apart from the question of speed of transmission, tubes are essentially economical in

the employment of staff, for their use reduces the number of clerks required to a minimum. But, of course there is a limit to their useful employment, and a point is reached when, from telegraphic and economical grounds, wires surpass tubes in efficiency and durability. The limit of length is about two miles, for at this distance telegrams exceed the five minutes interval allowed for their average transmission.

**SUN SPOTS.**—From November 17 to December 17 inclusive. From November 5 to November 13 no spots were seen. The photograph of November 18 showed two going off; but before the next picture, November 22, they had disappeared. In the photograph of November 23 there appeared a group of spots on the western limb, a group on the eastern limb, followed by a single one, and, near the centre, two very small ones. Clouds prevented photographing on November 23. The picture of November 24 and November 25 showed only a regular motion of the spots seen on November 22. In the photograph of November 27 there appeared but one large spot on the western limb; the two single ones first observed, near the centre, November 22, could no longer be found, and the group which had been seen on the western limb had passed off. The picture of November 29 shows the large spot going off, surrounded by faculae. Photographing was much interrupted by clouds from November 29 to December 12 but when openings in the clouds allowed observations with the telescope, the sun's disc was seen to be free from spots until December 12, when a small one was seen coming on, but after that date it could not be found. On December 14 a large spot was observed on the very edge. In the photograph of December 17 this spot appeared to be divided into two, and near the centre of the disc a group of four very small spots was seen, which had not been found before.

## HORSE POWER OF ENGINES.

WHEN steam engines were first introduced they were largely used to take the place of the horses before employed for raising water from mines. Naturally, people ask, when buying an engine, how much work would it do, that is, how many horses did it represent. The early engine builders found themselves greatly at a loss when this question was first asked.

They had at once, therefore, to determine how many horses an engine was equal to. The first thing was to find out how much a horse could do. The strongest brewers' horses were far above the very best that could be found elsewhere.

They were found to be able to travel at the rate of 2½ miles per hour, and work eight hours per day. The load was pulling a 100 lbs. weight up out of a shaft by means of a rope. When a horse moves 2½ miles per hour, he travels 220 feet per minute, and of course at this speed the 150 lbs. would be raised vertically that distance. That is equal to 300 lbs. lifted 110 feet per minute, or 3,000 lbs. 11 feet, or 33,000 lbs. 1 foot high in 1 minute.

The 33,000 lbs. lifted 1 foot high every minute is taken as a standard horse power. It is much more than any ordinary horse can do, and, therefore, the engine builders were always sure that their engines would take the place of fully as many horses as the horse power would indicate that they should.

Of course 33,000 lbs. lifted 1 foot per minute is much more convenient for calculation than 150 lbs. 220 feet, and therefore the former form has been adopted. The amount of work, or number of foot pounds, however, is just the same in either case. A foot pound represents the amount of power required to lift 1 lb. 1 foot high.

It is comparatively easy to estimate the horse power of an engine with a reasonable degree of accuracy, provided we know certain things in regard to it.

We must know the pressure in the boiler, the diameter of the cylinder, the length of stroke, the number of revolutions per minute which the engine is making, and, lastly, the point at which steam is cut off.

When there is no cut off, steam is admitted into the cylinder during the whole stroke, and a cylinder of steam at boiler pressure is used at each stroke, as the cut off, when there is one, takes place before the piston has reached the end of the cylinder.

If steam is prevented from entering the cylinder after the piston has passed mid-stroke, the point of cut off is at half-stroke. If the steam enters the cylinder during three-fourths of the stroke and is then arrested, the point of cutting off is at three-fourths of the stroke.

It is necessary to know the point of cutting off, in order to find out what the average pressure is in the cylinder. In the commoner sorts of engines, not provided with independent cut-off valves, the point of cutting off may usually be taken at from one-half to three-fourths of the stroke, though sometimes more than this.

It may, perhaps, be safe to take the average pressure in the cylinder at about eight-tenths of that in the boiler; though where the steam pipe is long and the throttle valve is used to control the speed, the average pressure in the cylinder may be no more than three-fourths of that in the boiler. The power will be the distance which the piston under this pressure travels during one minute.

Therefore, we have the rule: Multiply the area of the piston by the average pressure per square inch upon the piston, multiply this result by the distance which the piston travels per minute in feet, and the result is the number of foot pounds per minute which that engine can raise. Divide by 33,000 and the result is the number of horse power.

The number of feet per minute travelled by the piston is twice the number of strokes per minute multiplied by the length of stroke. This gives the number of horse power sufficiently nearly for all practical purposes.

## SPELLING BEES.

SPELLING BEES are becoming rather common in London, and a capital entertainment they are when well conducted. Very few people, even among those who consider themselves well educated, can spell properly, and the failures are laughable.

One of the most interesting and perhaps, all things considered, the most successful spelling contests yet held in the metropolis came off on the 25th ult. at the "Horns" Assembly Rooms, Kennington Park.

Mr. Griffiths, and friends were the organizers, and they succeeded in attracting such a number of persons that the great room was literally crammed by an eager and good-humoured audience.

There were, besides, over a hundred competitors, including a few ladies, who keenly strove for the possession of the gold watch, gold signet ring, lady's gem ring, and seven silver pencil cases announced to be awarded as prizes.

In the course of the evening it was stated that five additional prizes would be given, making fifteen in all.

After a dozen failures or so with comparatively easy and for the most part monosyllabic words, some remarkably good spelling ensued, which continued until the competitors were reduced to the fifteen who would be each entitled to a prize, the first who failed to take the lowest in value.

Almost every bolt discharged at these remaining competitors brought down its quarry. Foofee, towel (a kind of pipe or funnel), capotte, ballwick, bicipitous, brumal, nemolite, etc., reduced the number to two, a lady and gentleman, a Miss Slade and Mr. Robertson.

Having respectively spelt successfully the words cynosure and cachinnation, the lady fell at caducous and the gentleman thus became entitled to the gold watch.

For some inexplicable reason a gentleman was ruled out during the evening, although he rendered mignonette correctly, and applied to the chairman to refer to the test book selected, "Nuttall's Dictionary."

Our judges and referees ought to be certain that they are right. At another spelling bee held recently the word gauge was given out; a young lady spelled it as written, whereupon the chairman and judge decided that she was wrong, and gave their decision in favour of those who spelled it gauge! On the same occasion the word idyll, it was decided, should be spelled idyl!

These orthographical combats have taught us one thing—that we have yet no standard, as the French have in their Academy dictionary. But at least we have many good dictionaries which agree on most words, and the fun can be made instructive.

A FEW days since a watchman employed in the park of a country house near Saint Leonards found that many of the trees in the enclosed ground had been cut and slashed, their branches off, and that a fine birch had been actually cut down. Supposing a piece of spite to be on foot, the man watched for the author of this havoc, and, on the following night saw an individual armed with a hatchet glide up to the fallen birch tree and begin to hack at its trunk, uttering strange cries the while. The watchman, who was a very strong man, crept up to the apparent maniac and succeeded in overpowering him and taking him into custody. When questioned as to the cause of his extraordinary conduct, the trespasser explained that, having been, so he maintained, unjustly punished for the infraction of some forest by-law, he cherished an implacable hatred against trees, and would gladly, so he declared, "assassinate" them all.

**THE DIVORCE COURT.**—It appears that from January, 1858, the time when the Divorce Act came into operation, to 1875, 5,418 petitions—i. e., for dis-



solution of marriage, judicial separation, restitution of conjugal rights, and nullity of marriage—were presented, making an average of 388 a year. Of these, 2,901 were for dissolution of marriage, and 1,083 for judicial separation. From 1858 to 1867 1,279 decrees, or at the rate of about 118 a year, were pronounced for dissolution of marriage, and 103 decrees for judicial separation, or about eighteen a year. The number of petitions filed for dissolution of marriage was under 250 in each year until 1870, when they increased to 290. In 1873, they amounted to 340, and in 1874 to 397.

## THE DRAMA.

The drama of "Clitlye," now running, is an adaptation of the novel of that name made by the author himself, Mr. Joseph Hatton. The story first appeared in "The Gentleman's Magazine," and was the cause of much legal bickering between Mr. Joseph Hatton and the proprietors of the magazine.

In its dramatic form "Clitlye" is thoroughly interesting. It is well written, the scenes are constructed with a great deal of art and a certain briskness of movement—indeed "Clitlye" cannot be said to lag at any point, and the climax is reached with great effect.

The heroine of the piece has two suitors for her hand and heart, and after having accepted one she is forcibly abducted by the other, who subsequently makes a dash to ruin her reputation, in which a villainous solicitor assists him.

Miss Henrietta Hodson's acting as the persecuted heroine is extremely forcible, and reaches in the trial scene, where she is subjected to a brutal cross-examination, in reference to the title, to high art. The two villains quarrel over their unholy gains and the solicitor gets nearly killed by his principal. An effective scene is secured at a low river-side public-house at which a duel is fought, in which Tom Ransford, the traducer of Clitlye, is shot dead.

The two lovers are then restored to each other and all progresses smoothly.

There is plenty of sustained interest, and the incidents are managed with much skill. The first and last acts are written with some refinement, and there are two or three pleasant domestic scenes which prove the author possessed of some comedy power. These quiet scenes, with their character-sketching, form a nice contrast to the more sensational ones and help to produce the powerful effect which the drama as a whole certainly secures. Clitlye's birthday is prettily celebrated by a song sung very nicely by a well-trained choir. The music was composed by Mr. Walter Maynard, who wrote the pretty melody for the "Lady Hilda's song" in "Broken Hearts," and it is as well received. The piece is well acted all round. Miss Hodson, as the heroine, plays with her usual grace and womanly tenderness. Mr. Macklin, who has returned to the London stage, renders valuable assistance, and Mr. A. Nelson's villain is extremely effective. The role of Clitlye's simple-minded grandfather was well filled by Mr. Voltaire. Mrs. Louisa Howard, who is a new acquisition to the London boards, as Mary Wilding, plays with tact and intelligence, and makes the small character of the kind old housekeeper one of importance.

In answer to and denial of the suggestion made by some of the critics that the drama is founded on a certain trial which obtained some notoriety a few years back, Mr. Hatton appends to his playbill the following statement and explanation, which possesses an interest of its own:

"TO THE PUBLIC.—The suggestion that the plot of 'Clitlye' is a réchauffé of a certain cause célèbre which startled London society a few years ago calls for an explanation, which I beg to offer to the public and to the patrons of the Olympic Theatre.

"Whatever similarity there may be between the two stories is purely technical. In the true narrative the use of the statutory declaration and the abuse of the privileges of the cross-examination which followed offered, it seemed to me, a dramatic combination peculiarly fitted for stage purposes. In the novel and the drama these instruments of torture are used for the persecution of a woman whom both reader and audience know to be the victim of slander. In both cases the lady is excluded from Court, her assailant is prosecuted, and she breaks down under cross-examination. Here the likeness ends; for there is no detail in the life and trials of 'Clitlye' which can for a moment be compared with the revelations, true or false, reported by the press on the occasion in question. In the first dozen lines of the novel I have placed the reader in full possession of the morale of the story. Her whole life was influenced by an accident, a mistake, a misunderstanding,

ing, a calumny. Sometimes our best friends are the first to be deceived by appearances which belie us."

"If, instead of using the mere scaffolding, I had worked up the materials of the case, so far as they could be used with propriety, I should have been justified by many illustrious examples. The greatest novelists and dramatists of England and France have sought inspiration from episodes of real life, found in the newspapers and the public records. 'Put Yourself in His Place' was based upon the Broadhead murders; 'Man and Wife' upon the Yelverton case. Works of fiction which have taken the deepest hold of the human heart have had their foundations in the proceedings of the law and the police courts. 'Oliver Twist' with the Fagin and Sykes episode, the 'Scarlet Letter' and the crime of the clergyman, 'Adam Bede' with the seduction of Hetty and her trial for murder—are three notable instances in point. Let me add to them, among successful plays, 'Janet Pride,' 'The Bells,' 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' 'Never too Late to Mend,' 'The Colleen Bawn,' 'The Woman in White,' and the sublime comedy of 'The Merchant of Venice.'

"It is not true that the story of 'Clitlye' is the history of the social scandal referred to. If its representation on the stage should call to mind a passing remembrance of it the reminiscence can only excite charitable feelings, for, while aiming at the production of an interesting story, I have honestly striven to teach a worthy lesson."

"JOSEPH HATTON."

Clitlye is likely to run for some time, and is well worthy of a visit, if only on account of the excellent acting of Miss Henrietta Hodson and the admirably sung "Birthday Song."

From the Haymarket Mr. Sothern has departed to make room for Miss Neilson, who is now playing Juliet with marked success.

Mr. Sothern's engagement has been but a brief one, necessarily so in consequence of arrangements which he had made for his appearance elsewhere. Brief as it has been it has been sufficient to prove that his popularity in London is undiminished, large houses having been made every night of his performance. On the last night of the engagement the theatre was crammed and the favourite actor's appearance was greeted with an ovation.

At the close of the comedy, "David Garrick," the title-role of which Mr. Sothern seems to have made his own, playing it now with a finish and completeness night to perfection, the recall of the principal actors was accompanied by even more enthusiastic applause than usual.

Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Howe responded to the summons, and Mr. Sothern led Miss Lucy Buckstone before the curtain amidst renewed applause. Ories of "Speech! speech!" arose from the pit and gallery and were taken up by the box occupants and stalls, the latter appearing quite excited. The appeal was too strongly put to be overlooked or disregarded, and Mr. Sothern, who is, as Bayle Roche said, always rather backward than otherwise in coming forward, reappeared before the footlights, and, as soon as the enthusiastic audience would allow him to speak, said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen.—At this late hour in the evening, and having to appear before you in another piece, I will not detain you with a long speech. I cannot, however, part from you without a few valedictory words. The truth is my health has not been very good lately, and I thought a trip across the Atlantic would be really a benefit that I might take. Accordingly next week I leave for America; but I hope to be back at the end of the season to appear before you in some new character. Not that this would seem at all necessary to obtain a welcome; for, looking at the brilliant house before me, I think I could hardly do better than go on playing David Garrick all the rest of my life. On Monday Miss Neilson, the celebrated actress, will take my place, and will personate the heroine of Shakespeare's famous play 'Romeo and Juliet.' I have now only two words to say, but they are sad ones, and I hardly know how to say them. They must, however, be said at once, for if I begin to talk I shall go on talking and never know when to stop. The words are Good-bye. I beg to thank you for the great kindness with which you have invariably received me on these boards, and I rejoice heartily at this fresh proof of the deep sympathy which exists between us. Good-bye."

This short and effective speech, evidently given without any preparation, was delivered with much earnestness and emotion and was received by the audience with renewed expressions of their regard.

At the end of the farce, "A Regular Fix," which concluded the programme, Mr. Sothern, who had

taken the part of Hugh De Brasse, with his usual success, retired amidst hearty cheering from all parts of the house.

"Romeo and Juliet," as it is now presented at the Haymarket, occupies an entire evening, owing to the many restorations of the original text.

Miss Neilson makes her first appearance in England since her return from America and once again identifies herself with the character in which she made her first attempt as an actress, some ten years before, and of which she has made a continual study; this close study and constant practice have resulted in the development of additional merits of a performance which was always poetical and thoughtfully brought out—indeed, in her extreme anxiety to make the most of every line and to exhaust the significance of every situation, Miss Neilson has perhaps over-elaborated the character, which over-elaboration is infinitely to be preferred to the crude and careless embodiments which are often indicted upon us.

Playgoers of the present day, however, are accustomed to exhaustive impersonations, and thoroughly appreciate such efforts as those of Miss Neilson, which, by emphatic and indicative gestures, leave very little for the imagination to supply.

On the first night of her appearance the attention of the audience was closely fixed on the central figure of the play, which excited their just enthusiasm. Bouquets were showered upon the actress, and early in the evening a floral device symbolical of a ship was thrown from the stalls and rolled across the stage.

Mr. Conway, who is young in years, and was on the first night naturally nervous at venturing on so bold an effort, plays the difficult part of Romeo with much thoughtfulness and no little tact and skill. He managed the difficulties of blank verse better than might have been expected and may fairly said to have overcome them. In appearance he was all that one expects and hopes for in a Romeo.

As Mercutio, the gay and gallant, Mr. Charles Harcourt has achieved a great success. In style and airiness of manner he nearly resembles Charles Kemble, whose embodiment of the character was the finest with which even old playgoers are acquainted.

Mr. Buckstone appears as Peter, and lends an additional importance to the present cast, and Mr. Howe's impersonation of Friar Lawrence possesses the force and correctness which we might with reason look for in so experienced an actor and one so well acquainted with Shakespearian character as is Mr. Howe.

The scenery, new and appropriate, is by Messrs O'Connor and Morris. The performance is a very successful one and cannot fail to meet with the appreciation and approval of the lovers and students of Shakespeare, who will, no doubt rejoice in the restoration of all the original speeches, which for some years have been omitted from the acting editions of "Romeo and Juliet."

A GENTLEMAN just returned from the United States says that he looks forward to a great future for the Southern States. Not that he believes they will ever again grow cotton as they used to grow it.

THE GREAT FEAST AT MOSCOW.—The materials of the feast were 2,496 pounds of ham, 936 pounds of sausages, 3,120 roasted sheep, 12,480 roast fowls, 49,920 pâtés, 50,000 almond pâtés, 21,960 Russian cheesecakes, 145,088 small loaves of white bread, 312 pounds of butter, 1,252 vedros of wine, 3,120 vedros of beer, 600 pounds of Russian spiced cake, 800 tochetwerts of fruit (a pood is about 36 pounds English). The liquids were distributed by means of ten fountains, each placed in one of the avenues of the tables, in a small amphitheatre, half-way from the imperial kiosk. The eight galleries or stands erected for the spectators were 220 feet each in length, and the total length of the tables spread for the guests was exactly seven miles English (10½ versts Russian).

A COMMITTEE is now sitting at the War Office with a view of revising the present pay of army pensions. They are instructed to report as soon as possible to the Secretary of State for War. It is expected that the recommendation of the committee will have an important bearing on the recruiting operations and the future popularity and welfare of the British Army. It is also under consideration to adopt means for obtaining reliable information of towns and districts in which scarcity of work prevails, with a view of establishing recruiting stations in such places and making known by authorized public notices and other means the advantages which the improved organization will offer for military service. One reason of the sudden reduction of the army at the present time is attributed to the fact that it is about twenty-one years since the Crimean War, when an unusually large number of recruits were en-

Noted by the inducements of extra bounty and other advantages, the term of service of the men expiring almost at the same time.

## HE LOVES ME: HE LOVES ME NOT

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Marrice Durant," "Fickle Fortune," "The Gipsy Boy," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE frantic, guilty appeal for protection from the ghost of the youth whom she had lured to death—for the wretched woman believed that Tarance Vane's appearance was a apparition—struck Edgar Raven to the heart with a force of conviction which he was powerless to resist.

With a white, stern face he looked from the woman who knelt shivering at his feet to the upright figure of her mute accuser. For some minutes he did not speak.

Then, suddenly, in a low, stern voice, he said, looking down upon her:

"What does this mean? Why do you shrink from this gentleman? What is there in his sudden appearance to give you so much alarm? Are you the woman—base, vile, desecrated and degraded—of whom he has been telling me? Rise! rise! why do you kneel there? If it is I, it is true—" his voice faltered for a moment, then grew stern and hard again. "If it be false, rise and confront him. Why should you fear? If it be true—then—" he paused, and the wretched woman raised her face, lovely still though drawn with anguish and mortal dread.

"Then rise and make such poor reparation as lies in repentance and confession."

She hid her face against his arm and trembled. Why would he have swollen the heart of a stone for such an abatement; pity smote Terence.

He turned away, and in a low voice, said:

"It is enough. I do not require any confession. Miss Armitage repents—regrets the harm she did—and I am satisfied."

"Stop!" said the hard, stern voice of Edgar Raven. "You are satisfied: I am not. I command you to remain. Rise, Madam!"

At the cold word of command, Selina Armitage shrank still lower and shuddered.

"Fear not," said Edgar, bitterly. "You have to deal with merciful men, not merciless women!"

At the significance of the taunt, she shuddered and slowly rose, standing with her hands clenched in her bearing bosom, and her beautiful white face held downwards.

"Look one word from you," said Edgar, without looking at her, and seeming, with a dull agony in his eyes, to be looking through years of the past. "Are you guilty of all that Mr. Vane lays to your charge?"

There was a second's silence, then the white wan face was raised.

"Ay, and more," came from her trembling lips. "More than he or you know of—but not more than I will confess; Heaven send me strength to do so."

Terence moved towards the door with a gesture of renunciation.

"Stay, sir!" he said, in a low voice, clear and distinct with despair.

"Stay, and be a witness to my shame and my punishment—stay, for it is due to you, Edgar!" She turned, with something like a sob and a gesture of piteous entreaty, towards the motionless figure of the man she had deceived. "It is true; all that you have heard is true, I am the unhappy, guilty wretch who, lured to one more guilty than even I, lured this gentleman, and many others, to their ruin. I was the slave of a hard, cruel master, who used the youth and face which Heaven had cursed me with to his own base, mercenary ends. I, Selina Armitage, was as much a slave as the negro who worked in chains, and howled beneath the planter's whip."

"My work was to play the lure, the decoy, to the young and the unversed in the wiles and pitfalls of life. My wage—what? Food, fine clothing and an hourly, daily shame. The house in which you first saw me was my master's, the bravery of fine furniture, rare wines—his, all his, even to myself! I did but his bidding when I lured this, my accuser, to his ruin. I did but his bidding when, night after night, though my soul loathed the vile task, I threw a glamour of deceit and treachery over him that he might be robbed by my master. You shrink from me—Oh, yes, you scorn and hate me! Listen still, that you may forgive even the air I breathe and bid me go and contemplate it no more!"

She paused a moment to gain breath, and Edgar Raven held up his hand, his face averted still, to stop her farther confession.

But, with a despairing gesture and a movement of her hand to her throat as if she was choking, she went on. Edgar Raven standing with folded arms and eyes that looked far beyond the present—back—back into the past.

"More is yet to be told; let me tell it, and free you from my detested presence. My master left me—deserted me, penniless, and in peril of exposure—left me to a fresh unhappiness, for my remorse had become more poignant to me from a new cause. This illusion and emotion which gradually absorbed my whole life! I loved! Edgar, pity me! no, no, I know not what I say! Do not pity me, but look back and recall the efforts I made to free myself from the hateful bondage! Look back to that night when my spirit, tortured beyond its wont, attempted to cast off its mask, and while it warned you to show me as I was! I loved you! There is no shame in the avowal! no shame. It is the one pure, unselfish feeling of my wretched heart, and I cling—Heaven! I cling to it still!"

"I loved you as only a miserable wretch who has known no joy or peace, no self-satisfaction in life, can love. When you left London, England, suddenly, that love, made greater by absence grew unbearable. My master gone, surrounded by debts and difficulties, I fled and travelled, purposeless yet with an indistinct longing in my heart that I might find you. I reached Venice—this place at once blessed and cursed to me! I found you!"

"Oh, Edgar, how can you conceive the joy, the delicious rapture that suffused me when I saw you lying on yonder couch, helpless, alone? How can you conceive the hatred, the agony which overcame me when I found that you were not alone, but in the hands and the heart of another?"

"Overcame me, did I say? No, it braced me to my daring, guilty deed, and I could in my heart have found it well to strike her dead where she stood and questioned me! There you lay, the prize coveted by us both. Edgar, I played a desperate, reckless game, and I won! I won! I deceived, tricked and misled her! I told her—Valeria Temple—that you were my betrothed—"

Edgar Raven started visibly, and raised his pale face as if about to speak; but his head drooped again, and she, with a shudder, continued:

"I told her that we were to be man and wife—that I had come out after you by appointment, and that it was my place, not hers, to nurse and watch over you. She believed it. Wounded to the heart's core by the plausible lie, she yielded her place to me, and—and I won!"

"Oh, those days, those nights, when I sat beside you, and drank in the every glance of your eyes and the pulsation of your heart. I could have died for you then, darling—I could die for you now—but then!—helpless you lay before me, relying for life itself upon my hands! Can you not understand how the fact intensified my love until it grew into a passion which beat everything down before it, honour, a woman's truth, life itself?"

"I would have waded to the neck in blood to hold you whom I had found, and I was prepared to do so!"

Edgar turned, suddenly, with a stern ferocity, a question plain as words could have put it, in his eyes.

"No," she said, with a bitter, heart-rending smile, "I did not kill her. No, for all I know she is alive and well; but my master whom I met here by chance—my master and I plotted to remove her from my path and yours—for evermore."

"We planned to betray her to the Austrians, she and the old doctor, who knew enough to expose and ruin me. Valeria Temple and he were to be put out of the way, hidden in a state prison, that I might breathe in security, and safely hold and keep you. The plot—how and wherefore I know not—failed!"

"Valeria Temple and Doctor Antonio escaped, and I, fool, miserable fool that I was! was lured to a false sense of security by the anticipation of happiness and joy which were to be mine as your bride! Your bride! Oh, Heaven! to think that the sun had fallen twice: more I should have been yours! yours till death did us part!"

She paused for a moment, and her eyes were raised with a look of ineffable love and sympathy, which drew the unwilling tears to Terence's eyes.

With a heavy sigh, her hands fell to her bosom again, and with her form turned slightly to the door, as if her story were nearly done, she continued in a low voice, dull and apathetic with despair:

"But it was not to be. Nemesis was on my track, and it has arrived. I knew when I saw his face, the face of the man I had hurried to destruction, that the gulf had yawned betwixt me and you—I knew that the tale was told and that across my life fate had written 'Pain!' I knew it, and I know it more certainly, if that were possible, as I gaze upon your face! Edgar, I cannot atone, but I have confessed!"

Edgar, can you in the years to come find it in your heart to forgive? Can you, in the bright, happy future when she whom you love—for you have never loved me!—is by your side, and all the world looks glad and joyous, can you look back to this hour and withhold your forgiveness and your pity? Will you not say, 'Her sin and her shame were great, but her love was greater?' Edgar, here she bent towards him, and her arms stretched out as if they would wring that forgiveness from him for which she craved so piteously. "Edgar, I have loved you so dearly: I have loved you so!"

Then she tottered and fell at his feet, and her hands clung to his, which were suffused with her tears.

Her hair escaped from its bands and fell down in a golden shower until it made a veil for her drawn and working face.

"Edgar! the word! the word! only one word, 'Forgive!'"

Edgar Raven looked down at her, and undered his head to fall with a laden weight that was still soft and gentle upon her bowed and humbled head.

"Rise," he said, hoarsely. "You are still my wife—I forgive all!"

With a cry her face was raised to his; the breath seemed scarcely to pass her parted lips.

"Your wife!" she gasped. "Oh, Heaven! Your wife! Say it again, once more! Your wife!"

"My word is pledged to you," he answered, in a low, hoarse whisper. "My word is pledged, for better or for worse, I cannot withdraw it. You are my betrothed wife!"

With a sudden, dreamy, wildness she gazed round, seeming to be utterly unconscious of other presence, save their own, then she bent her lips and pressed a long, passionate kiss upon his hand.

Before he could move to repel or return the caress she rose and noiselessly glided towards the door.

Half-way she paused, then returned, and, taking his hand, kissed it with a gentle, humble gesture.

Then she turned and as noiselessly as a spirit passed from them.

The afternoon's sun was blazing redly in the heavens, exulting in its grandeur and unmindful of its speedy fall.

The hot, fierce light seemed to hurt the miserable woman, and she shrank from it into the shadows of the courts and alleys made by gigantic palaces rising and towering a few yards only apart.

With noiseless feet and a bent head, the unhappy woman walked on and on until the sun fell and the twilight cast its veil over the face of the fair city.

Then she raised her head and with a vacant expression gazed round her.

She was in a part of Venice which was new and strange to her.

A dark and ill-favoured district, dissected by criss-crossing canals, and filled with sudden bursts of drunken revelry or quarrelling.

Suddenly, as she entered a dark alley, which led to the church, a hissing noise, which seemed to come from some wine-shop, rose on her left, and the next moment a door was thrown open and a man was pitched out into the street, almost at her feet.

At another time she would have been startled, alarmed, but nothing could ever startle or alarm her in this life again.

She looked down and mechanically stopped aside to avoid the man, but he, with a tipsy shout, rose to his knees and, clutching at her dress, stopped her.

With a wild, vacant look, she struggled with him, but, intoxicated as he was, he was still a man and more than a match for her in her present exhausted state.

He rose, pulling himself up by her dress and arm, and, reeling to and fro, stared in her face with some drunken gibe.

At the tones of his voice there came a sudden look of intelligence upon her numbed face, and she threw her veil across it, as if to hide it from her persecutor.

"Hallo!" he cried, in broken Italian, "ah, and coy, eh? Come, come, let us look at this pretty face!"

And, with a tipsy laugh, he dragged her to a lamp and, with uncertain fingers, tore the veil from her face.

She did not struggle, but she held out one white, shapely arm to keep him off.

The sight of her face seemed to sober and excite him in the same moment.

"What?" he cried, hoarsely, in English, "is it you, Selina?"

"Hush!" she said, looking round with a vacant stare.

"Hah! hah! this beats cock-fighting!" he hiccupped. "Selina Armitage, Edgar Raven's sweet-heart, alone at night in the worst part of Venice. Why, what—ah, I've got it! You were looking for



me, eh?—looking for poor Ellsmere, whom you threw over and deserted, eh?"

And he thrust the trembling hand round her waist.

She shuddered at the contact and bent from him. "Hah! how Raven would swear if he could see you with—"

"Hush! hush! not that name," she murmured, as if to herself, "not his name evermore! He has gone—gone—gone! I shall never see him again!"

"What," exclaimed Lord Ellsmere, "what has happened? A quarrel, eh?"

"He knows all—all!" she cried, answering him vacantly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, sobbing rapidly, "do you mean to say you peached?"

She nodded.

"Yes, and told him all."

"And that you came to tell me so, that you have told me so to my head?" he roared on, hot, grinding his teeth.

"Dad!" she repeated, "dread! I know not what you mean! What means anything new? Life is over for me!"

"No—not yet!" he said, shaking his hair from his face, "there's plenty of life left in you yet! More than there is in the blodger, poor chap!" he roared, "for I left him dead inside there!" pointing to the wash-shop.

"They said we should, and came down on us with their knives. The landlord pitched me out, but they had the door, before he could get him away, and there he landed back on his head! I'm not dead yet! Dead? No, not yet, nor you—yet!"

"Either! Well, never, we'll go into harness again, and he'll be happy!"

"You wouldn't have me, for other than you know, and I left me at the door, I bear witness, and I'll renew the offer! By Heaven, I'll be better than ever, now that green-faced idiot like that, you see! You're clever and beautiful and so on, and so on, and so on!"

"And, with a mad, excited smile, which was more fearful than the fiercest anger, he took her fevered face and forced it upwards."

"There! Beautiful! Ah, I should have seen you too! Beautiful enough for me, and, by Heaven, you shall be mine! One kiss to seal the bargain, and he bent his hot, parched lips to hers."

The throat seemed to restore her to sanity, and full consciousness of his presence and her misery.

With a cry of loathing, she put up her hands and pushed him away, drawing her body back until her head fell below her waist.

He, with a brutal laugh, strove to reach her lips still, and she struggled with the strength of despair, half-blind with rage towards the east.

Mad with drink and passion, he laughing like a fiend, lightened the group, quite unconscious of the danger of the canal, and that a more desperate struggle on her part or unguarded movement on his would have sent them over.

Nearer and nearer they wrestled, until, her strength beginning to waver, he, with a laugh of triumph, bent his head to seize one kiss.

With a wild sob of despair, she got one hand free, and something bright and glittering rose in the air.

The next moment, with a wild "no, no!" not where his lips have kissed. She had driven the stiletto, up to the hilt in his heart, and, with a shriek of agony, his head fell back.

His grasp tightened on her still, and as she stepped back to free herself from his falling body she overstepped the mark and fell into the dark canal.

Seized in that deadly embrace, they sank in rise no more, until life had passed from the swimming bodies, and their souls had sped to that bourne whence no traveller returns.

CHAPTER XXI.

As the woman who had so deceived and tricked him passed from the room Edgar Raven turned and sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

Terence Vane remained for a few moments; then, thinking it best to leave the tortured man alone with his grief for awhile, he stole on tiptoe to the door and quietly left the room.

Outside, simple-hearted Terry raised his hat and breathed a long sigh of relief.

"Phew!" he exclaimed, "I'm glad that's over! I'm very glad that's over! That's about one of the biggest events of my life—all the past is nothing to it! To see that fine false creature stand up and confess her lies and her treachery! It made my heart bleed to see and hear her, and I know it did Edgar Raven's. He is a fine fellow—a fine fellow, by Jove! How many men would have stuck by that woman who had played them such a fearful trick? Not another in the universe, I verily believe! But he knows what honour means, and when he says 'Be my wife,' not all the crimes which this wo-

man has in very fact committed will absolve of the responsibility of those words! What is to be done? He will stand by her to the last, there is no doubt of it; and what can I say conscientiously to persuade him to throw her over?"

"He has never loved her, that certain, but all the same for that will be true and staunch to his word. He'll be miserable for life, so will Valeria Temple, and Elfy will never forgive me! By George! I'd better have stayed at home! I've only made the confusion greater by thrusting my clumsy foot into it."

And thinking thus ruefully, Terry walked up and down and round about for some hours, just to give Edgar time to recover his self-composure.

Terry was seeping that reward which falls to the lot of women, a very sorry one indeed usually; he felt very uncomfortable and very homesick, and at last, hoping that a cigar and a cup of coffee with a dash of brandy in it would give him a better taste and some heart for the work which still lay before him, he turned back home.

threading his way through the confusion of little marble tables and the many legs that were stretched out under them, he made for a quiet corner, in which were one or two tables partitioned off from the rest of the saloon.

Ordering a cup of coffee and lighting a cigar, Terry leaned back, and having sipped the soothing beverage—which they do so very well in Venice—he, being very tired, fell into a gentle doze.

Voices near him, belonging to two persons in the next box, reached him, and with a yawn he was about to slumber, when, what he never dreamed of, from his hand, for the voices were English and one of them—may be—he knew.

"This is a most extraordinary thing," said Terry, to himself, "I seem to be going to sleep, and I know that voice, I know that voice, and I know that voice—"

He began, and to make himself quiet and keep even to the point.

Suddenly the voices were two gentlemen, the one a famous, distinguished-looking man lounging back and listening with an attentive ear of boredom to the quiet chatter of his companion, a little, dapper gentleman, dressed in the latest fashion.

"By all that's wonderful!" exclaimed Terry to himself, "that's Willie Nugent! Now if this isn't the city of surprises I don't know what is! Whom shall I meet next, I wonder? And that's Howard! Chattering as usual, as hard as he can fall!"

"How does it do to death Willie looks? he never was fond of gossip and little Howard's little tattling seems more unwelcome than ever. What is he talking about? It doesn't seem fair to listen, though it cannot possibly matter, for Howard's sure to have nothing to say but the last scandal. I'll listen a moment!"

And with a flash of pleasant surprise, he sank into his seat again.

"So you see," said Howard, "the world is rattling on just as usual. The average number of bankruptcies, elegances, murders and marriages: By the way, I told you I think that the Duchess of Frenning had run away with that new opera singer—all, yes, so I did. And Esay, Willie my boy, you don't happen to know where that fellow Ellsmere is hanging out, do you? Hah! Hah! He's wanted you know! The Jews are looking for him everywhere, for it seems that he has run into debt to a pretty tune."

"There was that beautiful girl in Woodley Street, you know. What is her name? Why, Armitage, with the starred diamonds mother! For used to be pretty thick there, Willie, my boy, and will be interested to hear that she gave us all the slip. They say she married one of the Turkish ambassadors, and is now the queen of the harem at Constantinople! I can't answer for the truth of the report, you know, but that's what they say. Ah, and by the way, of course you've heard the rumour about that wild young dog, Master Terry Vane, cousin of yours, wasn't he?"

"What about him?" asked Willie Nugent, half-rising, with a sudden and unmistakable look of interest.

"Don't you know? Haven't you heard?"

"I shouldn't ask if I had," said Willie, gently.

"What is the rumour?"

"Well, of course you know that he disappeared suddenly."

"Yes, yes, I know that," broke in Willie, with suppressed impatience.

"Well, we all missed him very much, upon my word we did, though he was such a giddy fellow, and quite a gone-on upon that pretty Armitage girl. He bolted, you know—at least, it's believed he did—through a row with Ellsmere, who must have plucked him pretty clean! Well, don't look so dense, you'll run against Ellsmere some day and can nail him to account. Master Terry disappeared like a young girl, and we all thought that he had pitched himself over London Bridge, until somebody got a letter saying that he was very happy where he was,

out of the way, and that he hoped people would let him alone. We'd quite forgot all about him, when one day your uncle, Sir Edward Vane, ran against him in the park."

"Ah!" said Willie, with a look of glad surprise, "this is the best bit of gossip that ever ran out of those lips of yours, Howard! And he's down at the Hall safe and sound?"

"Not a bit of it!" said Howard. "That's where the wonderful part of it is! Your uncle offered, in the most handsome way, to let bygone be bygone, and to take him back and name him in the will as heir to all he had. But Terry refused."

"Refused?" echoed Willie Nugent.

"Yes, finally and firmly refused."

"Why?" asked Willie Nugent. "Was the boy mad?"

"Well, no, not quite, but something quite as bad. He'd got into some muddle with a young person of the other sex—there's always a woman in the way, you know!—and he hulled and abused Sir Edward finely. It's a great nuisance, because Sir Edward is a man of his word and he threatened—so it is told by a man who witnessed the whole scene—to cut young Terry off with, or without, a shilling."

"Do you mean to tell me—" commenced Willie Nugent, in dangerously quiet tones, when the gossip interrupted him.

"I only tell you what I heard, my dear fellow."

"And that is—"

"That young Terry had got mixed up with some disreputable people, and made low and unpleasant connections; whether he was sitting on the square or not, I can't say, but I am afraid that he had made a fool of himself, and got into some damned sort of muddle."

Willie Nugent leaned across the table, pale with anger, and, in cold, deliberate tones, said:

"That's false!"

Howard sprang to his feet.

"What do you say?" he exclaimed, with angry astonishment. "Do you mean to say that I have stated an absolute falsehood?"

"I don't say," said Nugent, puffing at his cigar and retaining his composure admirably "that whoever I care not who it may be—says that Terence has acted meanly or dishonourably—lies! He is not here to contradict your story, I have received no denial from his lips or his pen. But I say that your story is false, utterly false; and I'll stake my honour that if he were here he would say the same!"

"Then Esay," retorted Howard, dishing his cigar on the table, "that I've been insulted and, unless you produce the young dog to give the denial to my words, I shall demand the satisfaction which is my due!"

"There's no occasion to wait until my cousin turns up," said Willie, rising and reaching his hat coolly. "I'll give you the satisfaction you demand within half an hour!"

"Good!" exclaimed Howard, wrathfully. "False, indeed! Do you take me for a disseminator of scandal, sir?"

Willie smiled.

"I don't care to discuss the point farther excepting at the sword's point. Have you finished your coffee?"

"For I have!" retorted Howard.

"Then we'll go," said Willie. "And, that there may be no mistake or retractation, I beg to repeat your story of my cousin's dishonour is false; and to assert that if he were here he'd—"

"Say the same!" said Terry, stepping out of his box and confronting the pair of disputants.

Howard started back with a cry of astonishment, and Nugent with a cry of delight.

"What! Terry!" he exclaimed, in tones strangely at variance with his wonted calm. "Alive and well—and why, how the deuce did you get here?"

Terry shook his head heartily, and to hide the moisture which suddenly sprang into his own eyes, turned, with the other hand extended, to Howard.

"Come, Mr. Howard," he said, "I am here, luckily, to set you right in the nick of time. I tell you—as Nugent, with more trust than I deserve told you—that the story you have heard is false in its most essential part. I have, thank Heaven, acted in no ways detrimental to my own or any one else's honour; and as to the phantom young lady with whom you have by rumour connected me, I hope some day to present you to her, that you may witness within your heart—which is a good one at the bottom—regret even such light words as those I have said; and now, sir, one word of apology and my cousin will, I am sure, let the matter drop."

"That's soon spoken and with all my heart!" said Howard, who was, as Terry had hinted, a good-natured man, though a little too fond of gossip.

"Here's my hand, Nugent, and I am sorry if I repeated any little story that may have touched or wounded your feelings."

Nugent shook his head with a calm smile.



[A GUILTY CONFESSION.]

"All right," he said, simply. "It's lucky Terry turned up or we should have been out in the square by this time peppering or pricking each other."

"Which would have been awkward, as I have an appointment at the opera," said Howard, with a smile; "and I think I'd better go and keep it, in case any more gunpowder gets into the air," and with a laugh, he shook hands again and considerably took himself out of the way.

"Well, Terry, my lad," said Nugent, linking his arm affectionately with Terry's, "and what on earth brings you to this confounded place? By George, what a big fellow you have grown. And a moustache, too, that would fit a guardman! Why, boy, you've grown a man since I saw you last. Well, well, well!—but come, you must tell me—ah, I forgot!" he broke off, delicately, "perhaps you would rather not, well, never mind—"

"My dear Willie, I'll tell you all, and only be too glad to unboose myself. You were always my confessor, and a very good-natured, merciful, grim old fellow you were. When I say I'll tell you all, I mean all that more closely concerns myself, there are some things, among others, the mission which brings me here in Venice, that are not my secrets, but others." But listen, Willie, and if you blame me at first, still pity and congratulate me as I go on!

"You look happy, lad," said Nugent, with a kindly smile, "so I'm sure I spoke with just cause in your defence; you've done nothing dishonourable, Terry, or you wouldn't be so glad to see me, I flatter myself."

"No, Willie, I hope not," said Terry, and then, without farther preface, he commenced his recital and told Nugent sufficient to give him a pretty clear view of the case, without betraying the confidence of other persons.

"Well," said Nugent, "it's a strange story, Terry! A strange and a happy one as it is ended! I'm all a hurry to see her; I'll be bound we get on all right, lad, for I have taken to her already! She has what I like in a woman, pluck, tenderness and a fine sense of honour. To think of her sending you out on this business! It was plucky and heroic of her, and she's a noble-hearted girl, take my word for it."

"I knew you'd say so," said Terry, pressing his cousin's arm, "I felt sure you'd like her."

"And she doesn't know who you are?"

"No, hasn't an idea! Dear, disinterested angel, I'd like to keep it from her for ever, Willie! She loves me for my rascally, unworthy self alone, there's positive proof, incredible as it seems!"

"So there is; and now what are you going to do? I am stopping at the European Hotel, of course you'll join me there, or I'll come to you."

"I can't, I'm sorry to say, I must carry this business through, and you, when you know the whole of it, would be the first to condemn me if I left my best friend now. Edgar Raven is in trouble, deuce of a trouble, and I must go back and see if I can help him."

"I'll come too," said Willie. "We were always good friends, and I respected him. I'll come, Terry, I'm an old hand here and I may be able to give him some help if he wants to leave the city and get away anywhere. If he does not care to see me I can go away again."

So the two went arm-in-arm to the Palace of the Doges.

In the studio Edgar Raven was still sitting, but calm and collected, though his face in its pallor and hard-set lines bore traces of the storm which had worked its will and was still surging in his breast.

He rose and welcomed Willie Nugent with unaffected pleasure.

"I am so glad you have turned up just now," he said, still holding his hand and looking at Terry with a grave look, as if to say, "See, I have made up my mind, and therefore do not attempt to turn me."

"I am glad you have come just now, for I am on the eve of the happiest day of my life. I am going to be married. The bride-elect is a lady whom you know—Miss Armitage."

Willie inclined his head.

"I remember her," he said; "I congratulate."

Edgar Raven acknowledged the guarded speech by a movement of his head, then said, calmly:

"When you entered I was about to run over to Mrs. Armitage's hotel, and request the pleasure of her and Miss Armitage's company; perhaps you will accompany me, for, of course, you will stay the evening."

Willie looked for guidance to Terry, who said:

"Yes, we will go with you, and be very glad."

They reached their hats and passed down the stairs.

At a word from his master, Fidelio had the gondola at the steps, and the three gentlemen stepped in.

"We will wait here," said Terry, as they alighted at the hotel stairway, "until you return."

"Very well; I shall not be gone long," said Edgar.

Five minutes had scarcely elapsed when they saw him come down the steps, with a quick stride.

A glance at his agitated face filled Terry with a vague alarm.

"She is not there—she has not been there since—since morning," said Edgar, hoarsely.

Terry looked from one to the other in alarm.

Willie, always cool and ready for any emergency, stepped in.

"Miss Armitage missing?" he said, cheerily.

"Ah, Venice is a regular maze; you know, and strangers can easily lose their way. Don't be alarmed, Mr. Raven; we'll find her, and I'll tell you the quickest way to go to work. Terry and I will go one way—here to the right, and you to the left. Try the shops first, then ask her friends. They are sure to have seen her. As a last resource you can look in at the Police Bureau, we will do the same. Whoever finds her first will take her to your place. Come along, Terry," and with prompt action he led Terry away.

They paced Venice through the night, trying the shops, the gondolas, the opera, the cafés, but there was no sign of the missing woman.

Terry, with a vague, indescribable dread, spoke never a word until Willie, who had suddenly grown grave and thoughtful, led him to a dull, grim building, which seemed to inspire a peculiar loathing and horror.

A dim light was burning, and the door was half open.

Then Terry, half turning back, said:

"What's this place? and what are these people doing here?" For there was a small group of shivering idlers peeping and peering through the doorway.

"This," said Willie, "is the—"

Then he stopped suddenly, and, clutching Terry's arm, pointing to a tall figure which had suddenly come upon the scene, and was pushing its way through the small crowd at the door.

"It's Edgar Raven!" breathed Terry, with a shudder of apprehension.

"Hush!" whispered Nugent, and he drew Terry after Edgar Raven into the grim-looking place.

Then Terry saw that the place was the dead-house, and there was something horrible upon a stone slab, at the farther end of the apartment.

Keeping in the shadow, the two watched Edgar.

He looked around, like them, with a look of horror, and then, as if nerving himself to the task, approached the slab, and lifted a cloth which covered two dark, wet bodies.

With a cry the cloth fell from his hand, and he reeled forward.

Nugent and Terry sprang with one bound to his side, and as they caught him they saw, sideways, as it were, the two ghastly faces lying upon the slab of death.

They were the faces of Selina Armitage and Horace Ellsmere!

(To be continued.)





[LORD DUPUY.]

## THE BARONET'S SON;

### OR, LOVE AND HATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Winifred Wynne," "One Sparkle of Gold," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Presentiments, they judge not right  
Whosoever that ye from open light  
Retire in fear of shame;  
All Heaven-born instincts shun the touch  
Of vulgar souls—and, being such,  
Such privilege ye claim.  
That fear whose source I could not guess,  
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,  
Were mine in early days.

LADY MERIVALE'S greeting to the newly arrived guest had brought a strange but passing suspicion to the mind of the observant Gladys Vandeleur, though it seemed almost too wild a fancy to be a possible truth.

Yet "Oceil" was not so very common a name as to perplex any attempt at identifying its owner, and it might be that the romantic interest that had been excited in his young relative by the reports of his brave deeds and his entire absorption in intellectual pursuits appeared to the enthusiastic girl as a rare and charming combination of qualities, serving to engross her imagination in the identity of such a hero. And when the hostess, after a few words of friendly inquiry, turned to her with the inquiry, "Of course, I need not introduce you two to each other?" she could almost have replied that in her case at least the stranger was not altogether unknown.

"I am afraid I cannot boast such a privilege, Lady Merivale," said the young man, with a half-smile, "though I suppose I ought to be able to claim this young lady as a friend."

"Yes; and in a manner a relative, Cecil," returned his hostess. "Surely you ought to have been intimate friends long ago. It is the eldest daughter of your father's deceased relative, Lady Vandeleur, and I should have imagined that you, my dear Gladys, would have no need for me to present to you Lord Dupuy; or as is more natural in your case, as Cecil—an old protégé of mine for years past."

The young people were too cautious perhaps to betray the real state of the relations between the families, and they shook hands in a most proper and civil-like fashion—albeit they both felt that there was no ordinary import in the presentation thus made,

and that it might possibly lead to momentous results that would influence the lives of themselves and those most dear to them.

Gladys's thoughts were ever on her absent brother and the chances that existed of saving him from his difficulties and dangers.

And it might be that Lord Dupuy felt that there was a charm in that lovely and thoughtful face which would not be easily forgotten.

"And when did you arrive, Cecil, and where have you now come from?" asked Lady Merivale, as the little party sat down to the luncheon-table to which they now adjourned.

"I arrived in England rather unexpectedly some weeks since, Lady Merivale," he replied. "I had such pressing letters from Edith that I felt it was impossible to resist them longer. So I determined to pay at least a flying visit to this country, even if I cannot make up my mind to settle down before I complete my wanderings. And for your second question, I came this morning from London and flew here to pay my respects to you, as in duty bound," he added, smiling.

"And have not you been to the Castle yet?" said Lady Merivale. "I may well be proud if that is the case."

"No—I am going there from here to-morrow or the next day," he returned. "Do not be shocked, Miss Vandeleur," he continued, turning to Gladys. "I am not quite a monster of filial and fraternal ingratitude, but I have been busy on the very affairs which made it expedient to come back so abruptly."

"I would not have been so impertinent as to think so uncharitably of your proceedings, Lord Dupuy," replied the girl, with a pretty shake of her head, "or to—"

"Take the trouble to think at all, perhaps," was the young man's smiling interruption to the somewhat hesitating sentence. "And yet I rather deny both propositions of yours, Miss Vandeleur. It is all but impossible not to form a judgment of persons and events, unless they are quite beneath contempt, and certainly it would be extremely natural for you to consider such a cool delay on my part a very unkind and unnatural display of indifference. And I cannot afford to lose a new-found cousin so immediately."

Gladys looked prettier than ever in the half-amused, half-shy glance that rewarded Cecil's candid explanation, and before luncheon was finished the first constraint of the introduction had worn off, and she appeared her own graceful and natural self to the eyes of her self-elected cousin.

"Gladys, will you do the honours of the drawing-

room to Lord Dupuy for a few minutes? I have some orders to give to Weston, and then I will join you. Cecil, you can remain to dinner, can you not?" she added, turning to the young man appealingly.

"No, thanks, dear lady, not this day; but to-morrow, if you will allow me, I will come back and claim your hospitality," he replied. "I must cross to the island this afternoon and may not even return to-night. However, I need not go away just yet, if you will tolerate me for an hour or so longer."

The young people had scarcely closed the door after them, obeying Lady Merivale's request, ere Cecil turned abruptly to his companion.

"Miss Vandeleur, you will believe I have not forgotten my boyish favourite, your brother Oscar; there was too great a difference in age and tastes to have made us exactly cronies, yet I was very fond of him, with his merry, reckless ways. Do you know where he is now?—have you heard from him lately?"

Gladys looked at him with a half-terrified and questioning look.

"No, not quite lately, nor do I know precisely where he is, though I have an address to write to him which I believe always finds him. But why do you ask? do you know—have you heard anything of poor Oscar?"

"I really have known and heard very little, Miss Vandeleur," he replied, gently. "But, though I did not recognize him, and certainly he did not in the least imagine that he had ever seen me before, yet we did come across each other in London, and, pardon me, I cannot but wish he had some such influence and companionship as yours in his life there."

"Then you saw him and did not speak to him?" she exclaimed, reproachfully; "but, forgive me, I forgot, it was of course not to be expected, and it is very kind of you to take interest in him at all."

"No, no, you are wrong. You do not do me or him justice to say that," answered Cecil, earnestly. "Only there are natures and circumstances where the very best intended efforts may do harm more than good. And, to say truth, though I did try hard to find him out or get another glimpse of him, I was very doubtful whether to make myself known to him or whether I should try to serve him in a more effectual manner after I had seen my father. I little thought I should have this pleasure," he went on, with a look and tone that took from the remark anything of conventionality in the expression even, though Gladys was almost too engrossed with the ideas that his tidings had conjured up to be conscious of its earnest and evident interest in herself.

"But when—how did you see Oscar? How did he look? May I not know that at least?" she asked, pleadingly.

"You shall know all that I can tell you," he replied, significantly. "It was late at night, and I fear that Oscar is perhaps too prone to indulge in such irregularities, to judge from the rather questionable place where I saw him—rather as a spectator than a party in the gaieties," he went on, with a grave smile. "Then, during my progress home he did me good service in helping me to shake off a couple of scoundrels, and then I begged for his name before he hurried off, and found, to my astonishment, that it was my father's protégé and my own relative to whom I was indebted. And now you know all; and the reason I have risked making you uneasy is that I thought it possible your influence might be useful if it could be utilized on attendant my more clumsy though, I trust, useful efforts to serve him."

Gladys clasped her hands in uncontrollable alarm and distress.

"Oh, I am afraid, sadly afraid for him!" she said, eagerly. "I have heard something like this before, and, alas! alas! the friend who might have saved and helped him is gone for ever; and I need not tell you—or, rather, I need not be afraid to tell you—that his natural and lawful protector and guardian has—has deserted him for ever."

And the girl sighed in real agony of heart as the despairing hopelessness of the situation came yet more vividly before her.

"I know—I know; but we will hope this not as completely 'the worst' as you fancy, my dear cousin," said Lord Dupuy, talking her hand kindly in his, with a sympathetic, brotherly regard, that could not wound the most susceptible delicacy. "Oscar has friends enough through to help him still. There are yourself and Edith, who alone ought to be enough to guard any reckless wanderer, and having unworthy self; and I cannot doubt my father will always be ready to help him whenever he might have a chance. So hope and wait—wait and hope, sweet Gladys," he went on, tenderly. "Sweetly brother with such a guardian angel as a sister to help and watch over him can never go quite astray."

There was an animating strength in the very aspect and manner of Lord Dupuy that at once seemed to cheer and encourage the girl's drooping heart.

"Thank, thank! I will do my very best to carry out all your advice," she said, with a bewitching and feminine yieldingness that gave her a new charm in the eyes of her recently known relative. "Shall I tell him that you have come home?—that you are doing anything to help him?" she asked. "Or must I wait till you have tried what can be arranged for him to bring him out of his trouble?"

"I think you will do better to leave my unworthy self out of the question," Miss Vandeleur said, meaningly. "It might only irritate him and frustrate all my plans. Trust me, if you can, Gladys," he added. "I am but a stranger to you, it is true; but still I will not fail you. I will do my very utmost to save him; for your sake, from this trouble that I fear may be in store for him."

"You mean that he is bringing it upon himself?" she asked, fearfully.

"It were hard to judge better to sit than to speak," was his smiling answer. "And though I am but an heir under entailage so far as money is concerned, there may be many ways in which I can help him without the wonderful power of gold."

The girl gave him a grateful smile, that to many would have been worth a king's ransom, and at the moment Lady Norville entered, and the conversation turned on other and more general topics.

But still Lord Dupuy displayed the same firm sameness of purpose, the same refusal of intellectual tastes that had before charmed his fair companion both in her imagination of what he must be and in the brief acquaintance that had taken place.

And when at length Chet took his leave, the idea that he would be there again on the morrow was a pleasant prospect for the anxious sister of Oscar Vandeleur.

Yet her feelings towards Lord Dupuy were more those of love-worship than of girlish vanity or admiration for an attractive and high-born man.

#### CHAPTER XLV.

"Well, Mr. Vandeleur, I am most happy to see and to congratulate you," said the bland and smiling Mr. Oppenheim, when Oscar made his appearance once more at the "torture chamber," as some unhappy authors had either whitely under suggest or her their doom.

The young man bowed with some embarrassment

as well as involuntary haughtiness of mien to the cordial familiarity of this address.

The baronet's son had not lost the instincts of his birth and his prospects even amidst the degrading influences under which he lived, and the rude touch of coarseness and impertinent advances to intimacy and equality at once roused them like the quills of a porcupine at a touch.

"I do not quite understand you, Mr. Oppenheim, and I much fear you mistake the object of my visit," he said, coldly. "I am not prepared this day to take up the bill, although I am able to give you an assurance that I have the certainty of so doing very shortly."

Mr. Oppenheim gave a light chuckle of triumph as he replied:

"Then what I have to say is all the more agreeable, Mr. Vandeleur. I sincerely thought that you were still ignorant of the extent of your good fortune; but I am happy to inform you that the affair is now quite off your mind and the money has been paid to our firm, with suitable interest and all expenses."

Oscar certainly did not betoken any especial joy at the tidings, whereas Mr. Oppenheim seemed to expect.

"I really do not comprehend this, and I am not sure that you were at all forthcoming in your proceedings," he returned, gravely. "But, as you know, and what right had you to compel even the demand of a stranger for such an important affair?"

"I do not, sir, we never receive money, unless in strict conformity," laughed the baronet. "And in this case we were pretty well assured that it was some friend of yours that had signed it, or else how could he have known all the circumstances of the transaction? Come, come, my dear sir, do not put such a gloomy face on what is really a most wonderful deliverance; but take the good news and thank God for it, and you are a gentleman should."

Oscar merely bowed and decidedly did not heed the words.

There was a bewildering confusion going on in his brain, that made them utterly disregarded by him; and, what was more, that well might ignore the presence of Mr. Oppenheim for the moment.

The deliverance might be a blessing; but it might be a fearful curse. He would possibly possess the money that would otherwise have been devoted to that dangerous obligation still the bill would have been in his own hands, and the knowledge of its existence—that fearful secret that was about the most fatal peril that could befall him—now he had passed into fresh and stranger hands.

How could he detect the identity of this mysterious and unwelcome benefactor? That was the present question, and his next step was in this direction.

"Pray, what was the name of the person who came in this wonderful manner to pay the obligation? Was it any one from Mr. Vallotier, who did it?"

Mr. Oppenheim shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly, shook his head, and looking at his watch, that seemed to be increased in deference by the very action of the contracted and worldly spirit within.

"Pardon me, Mr. Vandeleur, I really cannot altogether answer that question. In the first place the person who came on the errand was a complete stranger to me; he merely stated that he was commissioned by the acceptor of the bill I held from Messrs. Vallotier and Vandeleur to honour it, which he was fully prepared to do. You will remember that it had quite run to maturity, Mr. Vandeleur, and that we were fully justified in parting with it on such a representation, and therefore we at once closed with the offer on condition that the money offered should be paid in undoubted securities, and not in a cheque, which of course we could only have tacked to the bill without giving it up till it had been duly honoured. But, as it happened, the payment offered was that of banknotes and of banknotes, and therefore, as you will perceive, it was perfectly safe, and we at once closed the transaction. And thus, my dear sir, you see how it has been and that we really have no trace whatever of the person, whom we supposed to be your agent in this matter."

Oscar was certainly no more enlightened than he had been before this explanation.

"And pray what was the appearance of this person?" he asked, gravely.

"Very ordinary, Mr. Vandeleur. Rather middle-aged and bearing the aspect of a managing and confidential clerk," was the reply. "You really must excuse us if we do not preserve mental photographs of the very many persons who come before us in our daily business. And, besides, we have very much else to engage our attention, and, indeed, at this very moment I am somewhat pressed for time to see a gentleman whose appointment has already lapsed."

Mr. Oppenheim rose with an unmistakable hint to the visitor in his whole gesture and demeanour,

and there was no possibility of urging the matter farther, whatever may have been Oscar's desire to learn more.

But his own sense told him that such persistence was hopeless, and that Mr. Oppenheim either could not or would not reveal more positively the secret of the stranger's proceedings.

So, with a cold bow in return to the affable and low obsequious of the usurer, he took his way from the place which had been of such evil omen to him on the occasion of his visits.

It was almost more harassing now than even under Mr. Oppenheim's cool but determined threats.

At least he had a definite cause of alarm and also a very definite object to accomplish when the bill was in the money-lender's hands.

It was different now. He had no means of tracing its course—no means of arresting the progress of the miserable secret among the few not whom, it might be conveyed to those he knew and loved best, or it might even be taken to the man whom he had most cause to dread as the author of his punishment.

Poor Oscar Vandeleur! The fates were indeed against him. He had oversteered all desert to him in the hope of averting public disgrace and an ignominious fate, and yet at the very hour when he had washed back all the feelings and affections that would forbid his marriage with Joseph Bradley's daughter he was apprised of what would most assuredly render all the effort and the bitterness a useless endowment.

It matters not, this my fate—the curse that has been on me from my very birth! He said to himself, desperately, when the once more regained his apartment. "This fate that follows me is a great deal more persistent than the 'law,' whatever that may have attempted for me. And yet, poor Gladys! poor Edith! they did fit their innocent families honest debts and strive to save me. But it is useless, and I will throw myself on the mercy of fate, and let it be as it will. And those who shall come out for me will soon forget in close that Oscar Vandeleur ever lived and that one day he would have been a match for the proudest, instead of this miserable little plebeian's daughter. Well, well, I will not be an idiot or brute if I can help it. The girl has been forced on me; but still she will save me from what I consider a still greater evil, and she shall not find that I have lost the instincts of my rank or of my better nature, unless she drives me to desperation by her folly."

Oscar had a generous and kindly heart, in spite of the hard crust that had been spread over its impulses by the tyranny and injustice that ruled his destiny, and even a Lily Bradley might hope for a happy life as his future bride, if she could not aspire to win a heart that was still the possession of the high-born and the refined earl's daughter.

His reflections were interrupted by the tap at the door which was generally the omen of a summons from his detested father.

"If you please, Mr. Vandeleur, the horses are at the door, and Miss Lily is quite ready," said the domestic as he opened the door to leave the errand.

And poor Oscar was fain to hasten his preparations for entering the arrangements for which he had absolutely forgotten in his utter preoccupation in more terrible and ungodly thoughts, and descended as quickly as possible to the hall, where Lily was waiting for him.

"And to avoid? or have you very cogent reasons for keeping me thus waiting, Oscar?" she said, gently.

The young man could only, of course, entreat her pardon on the ground of urgent and, he added, in a lower tone—"rather painful business," and then he placed the fair creature on her knees, and his pupil who played chaperon on this occasion, and himself quickly mounted and the party set off.

Lily was decidedly a prettier girl on horseback than in any other costume or position.

There was, for one thing, no possibility of her erring as to taste in her dress.

The fashion of the day is usually fatal for equitarians in any of its varieties, and Lily's slight figure and delicate features showed off to advantage in the well-fitting habit and the becoming blue and white.

Besides, she really rode very fairly, thanks to the instructions of some of the best riding-masters of London and Brighton, and altogether, with Oscar's distinguished figure on a remarkably fine horse at her side, and a very well-appointed groom to boot, the daughter of the risen man would very well pass muster with the elite of the aristocracy in the famed Brompton Park.

But Oscar opposed as much as he dared the idea of exhibiting in that crowded throng.

"Let us take a brisk ride, Lily," he said, when they were fairly en route. "I have a bad headache



and I should be very glad to blow it off in the lanes, instead of being chased and confused in the park. It makes me quite giddy to think of it."

The girl half pouted, but she scarcely could demur to such a proposition when urged on such grounds, and they set off on their country ride.

It was a beautiful afternoon and the horses were of excellent training, and the exercise and the sweet, soft air seemed to soothe and calm the pain that racked both the head and the heart of the unhappy bridegroom-elect.

Lily flattered herself that she was the cause of the renewed brightness and the more unrestrained manner of the baronet's son.

"There, the pain is gone, is it not?" she said, coaxingly, as they at last turned their horses' heads. "You see that I am not quite powerless to do you some good, Oscar, even if I am a lonely-born and untutored girl. And I will do my best, indeed I will try to make you happy, even though I am quite aware you do not really love me, you wish to do me your future wife."

There was a modest, plaintive address in the girl's tone that touched the young man's heart to a passing tenderness.

"Dear Lily, forgive me," he said. "I know that you do really mean very, very kindly to me; and that I really do not deserve your goodness; but when all is over and you are all that I have in the world, and we are left to each other, I do not feel—I shall be very happy, I daresay."

But even as he spoke there was a sound of horses' feet, approaching with a rapid pace, and his words were arrested as they pulled the reins to make room in the narrow lane for the coming equestrians to pass.

These were a young lady and two gentlemen on horseback, who came careering towards them.

The pace was rapid on which they were bent, and Lily Bradley for one might scarcely have noticed the features and the appearance of the equestrians.

But Oscar, who was happy in his ignorance,

He perceived at a glance that the young girl who was "centering past" was Lady Edith Dupuy, his heart's love, his boyhood's playmate, his blood relative.

And though the gentlemen who escorted her were too much engrossed even to bestow a glance in his direction, one of them, at least, he recognized as his benefactor and kinsman, Lord Delmore, though the other and younger man was unknown to him.

He doubted not that Lady Edith recognized him, for there was a flash and, as he flattered himself, a mournful reproach in her sweet eyes that told of her quick perception of his identity.

Did he regret it? Did he shrink from the fresh proof that he was dear to his idolized cousin?

He could scarcely have defined to himself what was the mingled emotion in his troubled mind at this glimpse of her. He loved—At the memories it conjured up, and the grasp of sweet poison that her speaking glances had sent through his veins.

He knew that it was a fatal indulgence, he knew that it was but a terrible proof that Edith as well as himself would suffer by the mingled misfortune and folly that had driven him to his present pass.

And yet it was like a breath of another atmosphere to see that fair, refined creature and her companions; to recall the happy past, and to realize once more that he was high-born gentleman, and that even in his cruel sufferings they could not take from him the brightness and the blood that flowed in his veins.

He was recalled by the voice of his neglected betrothed.

"Who were those, Oscar?" she said, sharply. "I do not know; I fancy it might be some acquaintance of mine," he faltered, as if he had been suddenly roused from a dream.

"You are very singular in your ideas, or else do not like to speak truth," she returned, in an aggrieved tone. "I am not so blind, not I. I could see that you and that young lady did know each other—ay, and, what is more, that there has been, or is now, something between you; and if so I don't know that I shall go on with my engagement or that papa would consent to it. That is very doubtful, I can tell you."

The proud blood blazed up in Oscar's veins and for a moment he was inclined to accept the half-dismissal.

But then that terrible doubt that hung over him like a sword arrested the words on his lips, and he was forced to smother, as it were, the proud indignation and humble himself before the daughter of the "rich man."

"Nonsense, Lily dear!" he said. "You must not be fanciful—indeed you must not. It is not for you to be jealous when you have me so completely at your disposal. I have far more cause, I expect, for a pretty heiress can command any amount of admirers; only I trust you, and if you love me you

will not torment me with any such unfounded suspicions." About this moment, however, the baronet's son, who was expected for the moment at any rate, and they sauntered homewards in a calmer and more placid understanding with each other than the apparently imminent war of words and of feelings might have portended.

# CHAPTER XXV.

"It is most fortunate that we have returned so promptly," said Lord Delmore, as the post arrived on a morning some weeks or so after the meeting in the lane at Willesden. "If it had not been for Oscar's sudden death, I might have complied with the pressing invitations of the friends to remain, and now—who do you think may be expected in a few hours—even from this time?"

"Papa, can it be?—no, surely, not so good as that—Edith is expected brightly," said the baronet.

"My dear, you have either had information or you are a very witch," said the earl, graciously, for he was fairly softened into playfulness by the anticipated return of his heir. "Yes, it is Cecil, and we only expect to see him to-day, or in the morning, and I would not for the world have been absent when he arrived, which would have been the case had not I found it necessary to look out for another bailiff to fill poor Oscar's place."

Edith's heart beat quickly with the thought of the only looking that could at the time have brought her true and unmingled pleasure.

She had but too surely interpreted the cause of Oscar's silence and his sudden appearance with that young girl whose very manner and expression seemed to tell the tale of the relations they held to each other.

And even if she was free from some of the rankling and degrading jealousies that would have embittered the suspicions in some franker generous mind, yet she certainly had allowed only too surely the suffering and the terror that Oscar Vandeleur himself had drained to the very dregs.

And the return to the Castle was at once a relief and yet an aggravation of her depression of spirit.

Every inch and foot of the house and domestic spoils of sad were associated with the communion of her early days and the happy memories that would never be renewed.

Poor Edith Dupuy, the muted bride of the illustrious foreign diplomatist, the lovely and potted child of a high-born father, was as ready to weep and complain of her fate as a village maiden; for there is no rank nor distinction where the heart is concerned. Only that the trained self-control and the pride of long domestic discipline a measure helped her to subside and to hide the sorrow and it might be the injured mortification of a rapidly forgotten and discarded love.

Was Oscar indeed so unworthy of her interest?—was she utterly deceived in the nature and the feelings of him who had gradually and insensibly twined himself into the very strings and the instincts of her girl heart?

Edith had a noble woman's trust and pardon to bestow on him she once loved, if he had been the victim of circumstances which had dragged him in their course with an irresistible force.

But even she would tear away the very core of her heart and give herself up to a very different and less sentimental despair if once she could think that she had been forgotten, or that Oscar despised the surroundings of his early life and the verna that she had exchanged in the hour of parting, and the gushing influence of such a termination to the one happy and sheltered period of their intercourse.

Such had been the varied and rapidly changing thoughts and doubts which had succeeded each other in her solitary moments since that memorable meeting.

And now that Cecil was returning she was yet more engrossed with the struggle as to her best mode of avenging both Oscar's danger and saving her own dignity by enlisting Lord Dupuy's more powerful aid on the behalf of their ancestry and persecuted relative.

And it might be that she was almost more occupied by this contest in her heart than the joy that gladdened her father's spirit on the occasion of the return of his long-absent and much-valued heir.

"Well, my dear boy, this is indeed about the happiest hour I have known for years," said the Earl Delmore, as he sat with his son and daughter in the small saloon that was Edith's favourite apartment in the absence of visitors at the castle. "You will remain now; you will not leave again the rightful and proper home of the heir of the Dupuys," he

said, after the various questions and answers which are the first happy and bewildered turmoil of a meeting after long separation. "I may not live so very long, Cecil, and I grieve every hour and day you are wandering in distant and dangerous lands. Do not give me the sorrow again, my boy," he added, with an affectionate earnestness that was quite novel in his manner, save where his petted daughter was in the question.

"We will not speak of parting when we have only just met, my dear father," was the evasive reply. "But you will remember that when I left you there was a very good and able substitute for me in the person of poor Oscar Vandeleur. I am sorry that he felt it necessary to go off in that abrupt manner, and the more so, since he was so shamefully treated by his own father."

Lord Delmore nodded on his chair, but he was unwilling to chill the first hour of meeting by any reproach or difference with his son, and he replied with tolerable unconstraint to the hazardous remark.

"My dear son, you surely forget that I have not such unlimited means as to adopt the children of other men as my own, and I consider I did quite sufficient in giving Oscar the advantage I did during some of the most important years of his life. However, it was his own decision to leave the castle and try his own power in the world, and I have some idea that he had an impatience of control which would have interfered very much with my further dealings with him. Sir Lewis ought to be sent to Coventry by all civilized and well-judging persons for his shameful tyranny and unfounded dislike of the future successor to his title and estates."

Lord Dupuy was far too much master of the situation and too cool in his hardly bought experience of the world to be daunted even by so unpromising a rebuttal.

"Now I am afraid, my lord, you will class me among the uncivilized and ill-judging mortals to whom you allude when I propose that you should show some kindness and attention to the family of Sir Lewis and perhaps Sir Lewis himself."

Lord Delmore fairly stared and gasped for breath at the strange proposition.

"Cecil, you must be jesting, and yet it would be scarcely courteous or respectful in you to meet me by an idle chaff on a serious subject," he said, reproachfully.

"Nor would I so far insult you, my dear father," was Cecil's reply, in a tone that fully confirmed his words. "But, in order to prove to you that I have lost neither my senses nor my consideration for your feelings in such a matter I must explain the real cause of my apparent absurdity in the proposal. The fact is that I have been thrown more than once in the way of a most charming and much courted woman, whom you no doubt knew well in earlier days, I mean Lady Morville, now a widow in very delicate health, but one of the most generous-minded and well-judging persons I ever knew. She, it seems, was a most intimate friend of poor Lady Vandeleur, and though she has lost sight of her and her children during a long residence abroad she seems to retain a most strong affection and interest in her old friend, who certainly must have been a very fascinating creature to judge from the impression she appears to have made on her friends for so many years."

Lord Delmore gave a quick, sharp glance at Cecil to see whether he had any ulterior meaning, but Lord Dupuy was perfectly calm and equal to any such test of his motives, so the earl contented himself with a slight bow of assent, and Cecil went on:

"Well, this same Lady Morville is about as indignant with Sir Lewis as you can be, only she takes the opposite view as to the best mode of showing her indignation at his conduct. She wants to get at him through his children, you see, my dear father, and shame him into some difficult proceeding, when he perceives others behaving to them as if they were brought out properly in the world, instead of victimized as they are now to his insane fancies."

"And pray what may be the advice of this same generous-hearted widow?" asked the earl, in a constrained tone. "I believe I do remember her, Cecil, when she was a girl, and certainly she was high spirited and handsome then, though by no means so winning as Lady Vandeleur. What does she want me to do, Cecil?" he went on, sharply, when he had no immediate reply.

"She wants some intercourse to be re-established between those who are really related to us in blood, my dear father," said Lord Dupuy, firmly. "Miss Vandeleur is now staying with her at Southampton, and there is a younger girl at home with Sir Lewis who appears to be his special favourites among his children. It would be no bad idea to invite them to the gathering you always threatened me with on my return to our Laras and Penates. What do you think? It may break the ice and tame the bear,

without giving you or Edith much trouble and no possible risk in the attempt."

Cecil Dupuy was no Jesuit, not even a diplomatist in his nature or training, yet he could scarcely have struck a more appropriate and skilful chord had he been educated by Prince Talleyrand himself.

Lord Delmore had always most anxiously desired that the demonstrations of joy and respect customary on a coming of age should be organized immediately on Lord Dupuy's return from his prolonged travels, and he had secretly dreaded the opposition that his son's peculiar and studious habits might offer to his scheme.

This was a tacit admission that it was to be a step in the direction in which he feared it would be most difficult to guide the eccentric viscount, and it would be a dangerous experiment to repel and throw him back on his former obstinate dislike to the fuss and the trouble of these rejoicings.

"My dear son, I really ought to apologize for my momentary distrust of your judgment and good feeling," he said, affectionately touching Cecil's shoulder with his hand. "There's an immense deal of good sense with considerable tact in your proposal. Certainly the birth and coming of age of an heir may always fairly and without any humiliation be made the era of family gatherings, and I should not so much hesitate in making some advance to Sir Lewis on the occasion, though he is a man I utterly dislike and indeed despise for the unnatural and dishonourable feeling he has displayed. Still, he was the husband of my cousin, and the same sentiment which induced me to extend my sheltering care to his son may in a measure apply to his daughter.

"What do you say, my dear?" he went on, turning to his daughter, who had maintained a perfect silence, perhaps from fear lest her very voice might betray her interest in the discussion.

"I think I should feel very grateful to any relative of my dear mother for trying to show me kindness were I in these poor girls' places," she said, hesitatingly. "And especially if it were at any expense of his own feelings, papa. That would make the obligation greater still and the generosity on your part more gracious and noble."

Lord Delmore shook his head smilingly at his favourite child.

"Little flatterer, you are determined to back up your brother in his intercession I perceive, and so I suppose I must take the subject into consideration; though I do not promise to comply. Pray do you want to include Oscar among the guests in such a case, young people?"

"Certainly not, my lord," and "Oh, no, papa!" were pronounced simultaneously by the brother and sister, and the earl's face seemed to clear of some of its gloom.

"Well, that is more rational perhaps, since I am not inclined to have a scene occur at my house nor on such an occasion, and I can form a better idea perhaps of what does possess this man about his son when he is not irritated by his presence," he replied, thoughtfully. "So now that we have come to some understanding we may as well dismiss the subject, Cecil. I really have far more important and interesting matters to discuss with you than the capricious tyranny of a man totally beyond any ordinary rules of social conduct given by Heaven or man."

(To be continued.)

## EXILED FROM HOME.

### CHAPTER IX.

The summer passed slowly. No visitors ever came to Lonomoor in these days, even to see Mrs. Quillet. The housekeeper was morose in the highest degree. Her mind seemed to have settled upon a solemn disapproval of Miss Winter and she rarely bestowed other than a grimly sour look upon her charge. The butler was uniformly respectful and attentive to the young lady, but the problem of her future and the anxieties of his wife burdened him heavily. The bailiff came often to the great house, and made speeches expressive of his hearty disgust at the state of affairs there, but his wife and daughters hold themselves righteously aloof. The bailiff's son came frequently, but Miss Winter carefully avoided him, his appearance being always the signal for her withdrawal from garden or drawing-room. And still, despite all the indications of a suppressed fire, Gwendoline had no suspicions that all was not right.

But this calm was to be broken up. The hour of the girl's awakening was at hand.

One day in September the girl went to ride as usual. She had left off the habit of having a groom to attend upon her and went alone.

The shooting season had commenced. For several

years the bailiff had let the shooting during the season, and already sportsmen, with their bags and guns and dogs, were to be met with daily upon the moors.

Gwendoline had carefully avoided them so far, and expected to continue to escape their notice.

She knew that the shooting-box, a picturesque little cottage, was some three or four miles distant from Lonomoor, and that it had been taken by a young gentleman who was now occupying it with a party of friends. Her rambles were made in an opposite direction to the shooting-lodge, and upon this occasion she conformed to her new custom.

The road to Penistone stretched over the moors, a gray, serpent-like line winding through the gorse and heather, and she rode leisurely along upon it.

No one was in sight anywhere upon the wide, purple moors. The air was crisp, clear and bracing. It was one of those days when the mere sense of existence is luxury—when every sense is steeped in a deep and delicious satisfaction.

Gwendoline had no errand in view. She rode for riding's sake, and because the sense of freedom was pleasant. Of late the presence of her groom had grown irksome, and she had fancied that he was growing less respectful to her.

She rode several miles, and then, attracted by some wild wayside flowers, dismounted and plucked them.

She walked a little distance thereafter, her habit caught up under her arm, one hand upon her bridle-rein, the other full of flowers.

She was so walking when a waggonette, containing the three Misses Orkney, with their fat and commonplace mamma, approached her from the direction of Penistone.

As the waggonette passed, the eldest Miss Orkney, who was driving, slackened the speed of her shaggy pony, and the four Orkney women stared insolently at the young girl, who faced them bravely, but with a flushing cheek.

Gwen had never looked more beautiful or more lovely than she did now, in her dark-blue habit, with her tall hat surmounting her straight Greek features, and with one massive bronze-coloured eurl straying over her shoulder.

She looked every inch an aristocrat, as Claxton Orkney had once said, and she met the insulting looks of her enemies with a haughty glance, and then walked quietly on.

The Orkney women muttered some contemptuous words and drove straight on.

Gwen stopped short, her face darkening, her brows knitting themselves together in mutinous fashion, her purple eyes growing black in the sudden passion that seized upon her.

"How dare they look at me like that?" she said to herself. "How dare they? I've a good mind to ride after them and ask them what they mean. Oowards! Mean, pitiful cowards! I'll stand this no longer. I'll write to Squire Markham, and ask what he means by leaving me here to be exposed to the insults of such creatures!"

The hearty passion Gwen put into the last word greatly relieved her.

"No, I won't go after them," she said, upon second thought, gazing after the waggonette. "Let them act out their natures. I'll write to Squire Markham, and tell him just how things are going here, and he shall either come home to protect me or he shall find another home for me!"

The sound of horse's hoofs aroused her. Turning abruptly, she beheld Claxton Orkney approaching on horseback and also from the direction of Penistone. The young man had attended his feminine relatives upon a shopping expedition, and was now returning home leisurely, just keeping them in view.

Gwen turned to mount. Too late. Young Orkney had touched up his horse, and was at her side as soon as she had dismounted herself of the flowers.

Orkney raised his hat courteously, his face lighting up with a glow of pleasure.

"A lovely day, Miss Gwendoline," said her admirer. "Are you alone? Is it quite safe for you to ride alone upon the moor, now that the sportsmen are here?"

"Quite safe, I think," answered Gwen, coolly, endeavouring to pass him.

"Permit me to accompany you," said Orkney, wheeling his horse. "It is hardly prudent for you to be alone."

"I have no fears," said Gwen, quietly. "And I prefer to be alone!" she added, pointedly.

But Mr. Claxton Orkney's ardour was not dampened by this rebuff. He dismounted and, leading his own horse, walked at her side.

"You have avoided me lately, Miss Gwendoline," he said, reproachfully. "You withdraw to your own rooms when I come to Lonomoor, and give me no chance for private speech with you. But luck has befriended me. I have something of the utmost im-

portance to say to you, Gwendoline. Hear me! No, you shall not mount until you hear me. You will not see me when I come to Lonomoor, and you shall hear me now!"

He seized her hand. Gwen snatched it away in a quick fury.

"Don't touch me!" she commanded. "Don't touch me! Keep your distance, sir! If you have anything to say to me, say it—and be quick about it!"

Claxton Orkney was rather pleased than otherwise at the unexpected display of Gwen's feistiness and spirit. Knowing her secret history, he had expected, despite her avoidance of him, to make an easy conquest of her. Her opposition only fired his zeal and quickened his determination to possess her.

"What a little spitfire she is!" he exclaimed, admiringly. "But I never liked a tame cat. You must have seen, Gwendoline, that I admire you and love you. I have seen a great many women in my time, but not one that can compare with you."

"And this is what you wish to tell me?" demanded Gwen haughtily.

"Yes, this and more. Your life can't be happy at Lonomoor. Mrs. Quillet's more like a death's head in these days than a woman. You live alone in that great house, scowled and frowed upon, and I wonder that you can endure it. I love you, Gwen. Let me take you away from Lonomoor. I'll make you happy. I'll surround you with luxuries. You shall live in London, or where you like. I'm thinking of going back to town. In fact, it is my love for you that has kept me here. My father will give me a sum of money to start me in life, and you shall live in luxury. Will you go with me, Gwendoline?"

"Miss Winter, if you please," said the girl, coldly.

"And to your question, no, Mr. Orkney."

"Why not? I love you—"

"But I don't love you," said Gwen.

"Love may come in time," urged her suitor. "If not, I'll be content with your liking. Think of London with its theatres, operas and shops. Think of a house of your own, Gwendoline, and no one to look sourly at you. I've set my heart upon you; won't you give yourself to me?"

"It is impossible. I have given you one good and sufficient reason which ought to have contented you. I don't love you, and I should never learn to love you. Mr. Orkney, not if I should try a thousand years. But I have another reason; and Gwen's proud face flushed. "I would never marry into your family, never. I would not become daughter-in-law to your mother or sister-in-law to your sisters for all the money in England!"

"Daughter-in-law? Sister-in-law?" echoed young Orkney, blankly.

Something in his tone as well as in the words startled Gwen, bringing the hot blood to her cheeks and a strange light to her purple-dark eyes.

"Were you not soliciting me to become a relative to your relatives?" she demanded. "Did you not ask me to marry you?"

The young man was silent a moment.

"Did I?" he then asked, hesitatingly.

If a look could have killed, then Gwen would have slain him upon the spot. White as death she shrank away from him, her thin nostrils dilating, her mouth expressing a spasm that was withering.

"Hound!" she said, and the word out the villain like a whip-lash. "I shall write to Squire Markham by the first post. I can safely leave you to his vengeance."

Orkney laughed sneeringly.

"You think so?" he said. "Come, come, Gwendoline, it is time you laid aside these airs and graces. You speak of appealing to Squire Markham. Why, he doesn't even know of your existence! If he knew how you are queneing it at Lonomoor he'd turn you and the Quillets out on the instant—if he didn't send you all to jail! You appeal to Squire Markham? You! That is rich! Why, egad, do you know who you are?"

"I know who you are!" answered Gwen. "A low, pitiful hound! Let me pass!"

"Not yet!" cried Orkney, in a rage. "I mean to humble your proud spirit. I mean to tell you who you are! By Heaven, I'll make you glad to accept my offer! Why do people look at you as they do? Why do they avoid your acquaintance? Why, since your return to Lonomoor, do the neighbours shun the Quillets? Can't you guess? It's on your account! You are the leper from whom all shrink!"

"You! I'll tell you the whole story," said Orkney, savagely. "I've known it always. And when you know you'll jump at my offer and beg me to take you away from this place, where every one knows your history. But before I tell you I must have a kiss from those proud lips. They won't be so proud after my story is told. A kiss, my princess."



He bounded toward her, caught her around the waist and bent his face to hers.

The girl struggled like a mad creature, and dashed her little fist full in his mouth.

Smarting with pain, furious with rage, exerting all his brute strength, the villain seemed fairly to crush her in his grasp.

But before he could snatch the kiss he threatened, or defile her pure lips with his touch, there was a sudden rush as of a whirlwind, a pair of strong hands seized upon him, and he was hurled to the ground.

In their excitement and self-absorption neither Gwen nor her enemy had noticed the approach of a young sportsman, who, equipped with bag and gun, appeared to be upon a solitary shooting expedition. He had, in fact, separated from his party an hour back, and was in search of game, when upon striking the high road he came upon the little scene we have described.

A single glance showed him that Gwen and her companion were not upon friendly terms. The attitude of the former was defiant, that of the latter aggressive and violent.

The stranger drew nearer.

Then came young Orkney's sudden assault upon the girl and her resistance—and then the stranger took part in the affair, with the effect narrated.

For it was the sound of his approach that resembled the rush of a whirlwind; it was his hand that seized the villain and hurled him to the ground.

Orkney staggered to his feet, maddened and combative, and, with a muttered imprecation, rushed upon his assailant.

The latter knocked him down three times in succession, in the coolest possible manner, as Orkney again and again returned to the charge.

The villain, bruised and bleeding, finally regained an upright position, and having learned wisdom from defeat, stood apart, sullen, angry and malignant, staring at the stranger with a glance of absolute hatred.

"Can I do anything more for you?" inquired the latter, pleasantly.

Orkney measured the frame of his antagonist with his eyes.

The latter was tall, slender and active, about twenty-four years of age, with a dauntless, resolute face, and a figure compactly knit, and combining unusual measure of strength and grace.

Just now his eyes were flashing; his mouth wore a smile of contempt; and his appearance impressed Orkney as formidable. The latter evinced a desire to retire from the contest.

"Mount!" said the stranger, authoritatively, yet with an amused smile. "And go!"

His advice really seemed excellent under the circumstances. Nothing but more bruises was to be gained by a prolonged stay. Orkney concluded to depart, his resolution receiving force from the fact that the waggone had halted in the distance, and four feminine heads were craned backwards in an endeavour to see why that horrid beggar was detaining our Claxton.

It seemed very probable that the three commonplace Orkney girls and their commonplace mamma would turn about and swoop down upon the girl whom they believed to be alluring their brother and son to his destruction.

Certainly wisdom dictated Orkney's immediate retreat, and he moved towards his horse.

"We shall meet again," he said, in a half-choked voice. "Your name—your name?"

The amused smile on the stranger's countenance assumed a mocking character.

"Your friends have become alarmed for your safety," he said, "and are coming after you!"

True enough, the waggone was returning.

Orkney clambered into his saddle. Some insulting words in regard to Gwen's origin came to his lips, but he repressed them. He feared the strong arm of her defender; he feared his relatives' return; and he had by no means relinquished his designs in regard to Gwen.

So, choking with rage, covered with blood and dust, he beat an inglorious retreat, leaving his assailant master of the situation.

Gwen leaped against her horse, and with her new friend watched Orkney's swift gallop, his meeting with the waggone, his parley with his friends, and finally their retreat altogether in a homeward direction.

Then the stranger turned to the young lady, saying, with a very different sort of smile from that last seen on his face:

"The young man is disposed of, and no doubt you will take care that he does not molest you again. You are really venturesome to ride without an attendant."

Gwen was trembling, more with resentment, it must be confessed, than fear. Her face was still pale; her eyes glowing like purple stars. The insults of

Orkney had stirred her too deeply to permit an immediate assumption of that repose of manner which is supposed to mark a lady of the caste of Vere de Vere under any and all circumstances. But that Gwen was a lady her every look and action, her very attitude showed. She had not been named "Princess" without good cause, and the young man thought, as he regarded her, that she was the most beautiful and thoroughly well-bred girl he had ever seen.

"You had better sit down on this boulder," he remarked. "All this has agitated you. I wonder you didn't faint; that is the usual resort of the young lady of the period, is it not?"

His light words had the effect he designed; they assisted to restore the girl's composure.

And as she grew calmer Gwen discovered, what she had not had time to notice before, that her rescuer was very handsome, with a fair and noble face, a massive forehead, a pair of keen blue eyes, and a head covered over with close-curling rings of fair hair.

"Permit me to introduce myself," said the young gentleman, gravely. "I am Ronald Chilton, a guest at the shooting-lodge on the Lonemoor estate."

"And I am Miss Winter, of Lonemoor," said Gwen. "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Chilton, for your timely appearance and your brave defence of me."

"Permit me to see you home, Miss Winter," said Mr. Chilton, as Gwen arose. "It is not safe for you to go alone."

The girl accepted his companionship, and he led the horse while she walked slowly at his side in the direction of Lonemoor. Gwen recovered her strength and her spirits in the clear, bracing air, under the influence of his presence, and forgot for the time the dark hints her enemy had uttered concerning her secret history.

It was a memorable walk, and long before they reached Lonemoor each had made upon the heart of the other an impression never to be effaced.

Both were young, well educated, refined and intelligent. Their tastes proved similar. Gwen was fresh from school, a very nun in her knowledge of the world. Mr. Chilton was university-bred, knew the world, but was pure in heart, and in life, chivalrous in the extreme, with a reverence for womanhood rarely to be found in these degenerate days.

Gwen walked for a mile or two, and then mounted her pony. Mr. Chilton continued at her side, and the pony shambled along, cropping now and then at a weed or a thistle, and his young mistress, strange to say, scarcely noticed his behaviour.

The young pair talked of the moors, of flowers, then of books, and then of life and hopes and speculations, and when the chimneys of Lonemoor appeared among the trees a pang of regret traversed each heart. How brief the distance had seemed!

They halted at the gate of Lonemoor. Gwen did not ask Mr. Chilton to enter, and after a few parting words he raised his hat and strode away with a free and graceful step.

The girl rode into the Lonemoor grounds, and dismounted near a side-porch. A stable-boy was visible in the direction of the stable-yard. Gwen beckoned to him, but he appeared not to notice her signal. She repeated it sharply, and he came forward slowly, with a slouching gait, as if quite indifferent to her requirements. There was insolence in his lazy movements and the saucy smile on his face—an insolence that brought back to Gwen all the previous insults of young Orkney.

With a sudden heightening of colour she threw the reins upon her pony's neck, and he went at a keen run to the stables. Gwen entered at the door and ascended to her room.

Her maid was not there, and the girl did not summon her. Her windows were open, her plants in full blossom and fragrance, and a cool dinner reigned. But it seemed to Gwen that the bloom had departed from her possessions. Those questions of Orkney rung in her ears. Who was she? What right had she here? Had she a right to these luxurious rooms?

She passed into the dressing-room and changed her habit. Her maid had laid out for her use a pretty dress of pale-blue woollen fabric, and Gwen put it on almost without thinking.

Her toilet was quickly made, and the girl then hastened downstairs to the housekeeper's room.

## CHAPTER X.

MRS. QUILLET was in her favourite haunt, engaged in darning hose-rips. She had put on a pair of black-rimmed spectacles to assist her vision, and looked up over them at the girl with a cold and severe gaze. She saw at once that something had happened to her charge. Gwen's face was white and resolute, with a dash of sternness in the proud

pained eyes and a troubled wistfulness about the perfect month.

"What's the matter?" demanded the housekeeper, fretfully. "Has anything gone wrong? Don't complain to me of the servants, Miss Gwendoline. I can do nothing with them except discharge them, and they have been in the house so long, I don't like to do that."

"You have noticed the behaviour of the servants, then, Mrs. Quillet?"

"If I have noticed nothing. Which one is in fault? Of course," added Mrs. Quillet, in a milder tone, "if the servants are falling in respect they must go."

"I have no complaints to make, Mrs. Quillet," said Gwen, quietly. "Had it really occurred to me that they were insolent I should have discharged them."

Mrs. Quillet stared.

"I supposed that I had the right to do so—that I was in truth mistress of Lonemoor," continued Gwen, in the same quiet tone. "Have I the right? Am I mistress here?"

The housekeeper was silent a moment, still regarding the girl with that unchanging stare. "Who has been disputing your right?" she asked, after a little. "Who has been talking to you?"

"I met the younger Mr. Orkney upon the moor," said Gwen. "He insulted me grossly."

"Insulted you?"

"When I resented the insult he asked me who I was," continued Gwen, unheeding the interruption. "He said that I had no right here. I never thought of the matter before. I spent my childhood in this house as if I had a right here. I had a governess here. I had the old family schoolroom which had been occupied by generations of Markhams. I had a pleasant chamber that some one of the family had owned before me. I played in the gardens, I rode the horses, I plucked the flowers. No one forbade me these things. Of course, then, I supposed that I had a right here. What else could I think?"

The housekeeper did not answer.

"I was sent to a Paris pensionnat among the daughters of titled people. There were girls there who were my dear friends and who were born to titles. I was considered their equal. I dressed as well as they. Madame de Lorraine made no difference between them and me. She said once that we were all well-born, the daughters of gentlemen. I passed through the school course. I acquitted myself with honour. You came to bring me home. I found here handsome rooms prepared for me. Of course I believed myself mistress of the house. What else could I think?"

She looked at the housekeeper steadily, with great purple-dark eyes that were still full of pain, and the woman repeated her final question after her unconscious.

"Have I been under a mistake all these years?" the girl questioned. "Is there some mystery about me? I have accepted my life and all that it brought me without questioning. I have wakened. The hour is come, Mrs. Quillet, when I demand of you a full explanation about myself. I demand this explanation as to my right. Am I a relative of Squire Markham?"

The housekeeper, remembering that promise she had given long years ago to the squire to keep for over the secret of Miss Markham's disgrace, remembering that the squire would never acknowledge any relationship to this nameless girl, shook her head humbly.

"What? I am no relation to Squire Markham? I am then his ward?"

Again the housekeeper shook her head.

"Not his ward?" The girl grew paler. "He knew my parents, I suppose, and educated me because of friendship for them?"

Mrs. Quillet was still silent.

"You do not answer," cried Gwen. "Did not Squire Markham know my father?"

"No," answered the housekeeper, breaking her silence, in a strained voice. "Squire Markham never saw your father—never knew his name, nor even his nationality."

Gwen looked shocked. She was very still for some moments, but into those moments were compressed a thousand agonies. What could it all mean? What hidden secrets was she about to uncover? Her heart seemed actually to stop its beatings in the suspense and dread of her expectations.

"How then has it happened that Squire Markham has educated me in the manner he has done?" she questioned, in a hollow voice. "If he did not know my parents, how came he to care for me?"

"He has not cared for you, Miss Gwendoline. He does not even know that you are living."

Gwen looked stunned.

"How does it happen, then, that I am here?" she asked, after a little.

"The time has come for you to know the truth," Miss Gwendoline said to the housekeeper. "I have been an old idiot to believe for an instant that it could be kept long from you. What I have done has been done for the best. I meant to make your life happy. Heaven knows I have acted as I thought wisely."

"She put her handkerchief to her eyes. "Yes," said Gwen, a little sharply, in her anxiety and dread. "But who am I? Mrs. Quillet, who am I?"

"Seventeen years ago, in November," said Mrs. Quillet, "on an awful night, in a storm that was terrible with sleet and wind, a woman—a girl, I should say—came to this house for shelter. I took her in and cared for her. Upon that very night she gave birth to a child. A month afterward, in a storm still more terrible, when the moors were covered with snow, and the air was thick with the flakes, she fled from us, leaving the child behind her. The child was you, Gwendoline!"

"And the woman—my mother?"

"We went out man to search for her, and they searched the night through, and the next day, and the next, but she was not to be found. In the April following, when the snows melted off the ground they renewed the search, and found her in a hollow where she had lain all the winter. She must have died in the storm on the very night of her flight. We found her at Penistone."

"And she was my mother? What was her name?"

"She never told her name, nor anything concerning herself. She was not in her right mind," said the housekeeper, hesitatingly, her tears dropping as she remembered the bright young mistress whom she had lost. "Poor child, she never noticed any one, not even her baby!"

Gwen walked to the window and looked out. Not even the old housekeeper might look upon her anguished features.

"A strange story," said the girl, after another long silence. "Tell me the rest, Mrs. Quillet, how Squire Markham befriended me, and—"

"He never saw your face. He left England about the time this all happened. He never gave one penny towards your education."

"Who did?" cried Gwen, quickly.

"John and I. We engaged and paid your governess out of our own savings; we sent you to Paris to school; we have done everything for you on our own selves. Now you understand, Miss Gwendoline, the whole mystery. We brought you back to Lonsmoor as our charge. You have really no right here except such as we have given you."

The girl's cheek's flushed holily.

"Then I have played the mistress here while I am in reality your dependent," she exclaimed. "This is why the servants were slow to obey me! This is why the farmers' sons look so strangely at me! Mrs. Quillet, and her voice grew sharper with a sudden pain, "where is my mother's wedding-ring? Did you not keep it for me?"

The housekeeper's head was hidden as she answered mournfully:

"She wore no wedding-ring!"

No cry came from Gwen's lips. She bore her pain like a Spartan, for she was made of heroic stuff; but Heaven and her own soul alone knew the keenness of her agony.

"I shall always believe that she was good and true," said Mrs. Quillet, speaking more to herself than to Gwen. "She had suffered; she was thin and haggard and crazy, but I'll not believe that she was bad. An angel could not make me believe it."

The girl turned and ran swiftly toward the grim housekeeper, and knelt beside her, and caught up her big bony hand and kissed it with passionate fervour.

"I never knew before how good you were!" she exclaimed. "I thank you, in her name, for your good words of her."

Mrs. Quillet drew away her hand and wiped it with her handkerchief. The tears and kisses upon it annoyed rather than pleased her. Of all things, she disliked emotion and hated a scene.

"Why have you done all this for me?" cried Gwen. "Why did you educate me? Why did you not bring me up as a servant—or a daughter?"

"It was our fancy, John's and mine," said the housekeeper, confusedly. "Your mother was a lady—there's no denying that. And we decided to bring up her child as a lady."

"You were very good," said Gwen, humbly. "I can never repay you. But I ought not to live here as mistress of the house when in reality I have no right here. I cannot wear these fine garments while you wear cheap ones. I cannot be served in the dining-room while you eat here. I cannot occupy those handsome chambers while your rooms are humble. What shall I do to show you my gratitude and love? Mrs. Quillet, my benefactress—"

"Get up off your knees, Miss Gwendoline," said the old woman, nervously. "Some one may come. What I did was not for you. I did it for your mother's sake. I—I took a fancy to her, you see. Do get up, Miss Gwen."

Gwen slowly arose.

"It is all a strange mystery to me," the girl said, with a long breath. "A frightful mystery! A woman comes out of the storm and disappears a month later into another storm, leaving a child behind her, and no one knows who that woman is nor whence she came. And she died with her story untold. Did no one ever come in search of her? Did no one ever advertise for her?"

"No one."

"My name—how did I come by that?"

"We called you Gwendoline because the name had been in the Markham family and was pretty. The other name we invented. It was a wintery night when you came. We couldn't give you our own name, nor yet any real name. So we called you Winter."

"And I have no name of my own? You gave me my name as you gave me my food and clothes?"

"The same."

"You never loved me," said poor Gwen, in a desolate voice. "You did all this for my mother's sake, and she was crazy, and you did not know her real name or identity! You have a heart of gold, Mrs. Quillet, under all your seeming hardness. For your goodness to her and to me I will be your servant—your slave!"

She made a movement to stoop as if again to kiss the housekeeper's bony hand, but at that juncture a thundering knock was heard upon the door, and the ballist strode into the room.

His face was red and inflamed with anger. He looked severe and uncompromising, and his glances sought out Gwen at once, she being the object of his visit.

"Mrs. Quillet," he said, in a dictatorial voice, "I am come here to complain of your—your ward!"

Gwen returned to the window.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Orkney?" asked the housekeeper.

"No—I am here on business, not to visit," was the answer. "My family went to Penistone to-day on a shopping excursion. The ladies went in the waggone, and my son accompanied them on horseback. On their return they encountered your Gwendoline, who was riding across the moor. She enticed my son to stop and talk with her, and another admirer of hers coming up, my son and she quarrelled over her smiles, and my son returned to his mother and sisters, bruised and bleeding and covered with dust."

"I don't see how Gwendoline can be to blame for Mr. Orkney's quarrel," said Mrs. Quillet.

"She is to blame!" declared the ballist, angrily.

"What is she to set herself up as a lady? My family returned home. My wife and daughters complained to me, and I took my son to task. And he told me—told me to my face!—that he loved the girl, and that he had decided to make her his wife! He—my son—to marry her! Think of that!"

Gwendoline said that he insulted her."

"The ballist sneered.

"He insulted her!" he exclaimed. "Why, my daughters tell me that she is trying to entrap him into a marriage! And I believe it. She is poor, homeless, a dependent. She would do anything to enter a family like mine, or any honest family, in spite of her blue education and lady-ways! Now the girl has no right here. She is a born outcast. I won't have her here setting traps for my son or any honest man! I demand that you send her away!"

Mrs. Quillet looked blank.

"Why, where could I send her?" she ejaculated.

"This is her home!"

"It is not her home! It is Squire Markham's house and the girl has no right here. Is she a servant? Does she earn her bread? No. She lives in high style, is waited upon, uses the squire's property, and plays lady. She is a swindler, madam, and you have made her so? Now she must leave this house at once, or I'll write to the squire and tell him of your high-handed proceedings here! I won't any longer countenance this beggar and outcast in her idleness and her swindling existence. Give me your answer. Shall she go—or shall I push this matter to a scandal, and have you and your husband turned out of the house where you have spent your lives? Which shall it be?"

He waited for his answer, looking from Mrs. Quillet to the girl and back again, feeling himself master of situation.

(To be continued.)

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.—The results of Lieutenant Cameron's journey across tropical Africa, communicated from the Portuguese settlement of Loando, were laid before the Geographical Society last week.

"They are highly important. Although unable to follow the outflow of Lake Tanganyika, his observations leave no doubt that it drains into the Congo, and not the Nile, as was believed by Livingston. The distance traversed by Lieutenant Cameron includes a route of twelve hundred miles, over altogether new ground; and, what is of great importance, he has registered, with much accuracy, an extraordinary number of lunar observations, laying down a sound geographical basis for the further exploration of the continent."

## THE ISLAND MYSTERY.

### CHAPTER VIII.

As twilight flooded the Manor with its crimson and gold glories Mrs. Shenstone looked around anxiously at the approach of her evening.

"Where is Mark, Ernestine?" asked she, coming to the table where his wife was arranging the pretty dinner service in readiness for the entrance of the servants with the evening repast.

"He went away this morning early, with Alan; out in the boat, I presume. He said he should not return until late, as there is much to be done."

Still Mrs. Shenstone looked anxious and troubled, and presently she asked in a hesitating voice:

"Did you mind his manner when we went away? Did he seem heated or vexed in any way?"

"I did not remark anything in particular," he certainly said nothing about it, why do you ask, Serle?"

"Oh, nothing, only I thought he was a little irritated by Mr. Kinnmouth's remarks out in the garden."

"This would not be strange if he were; that person certainly gives abundant opportunities for offence. Oh, Serle, I wonder at you for not sending him away from the Manor before he drives us all frantic!"

Her husband made an impatient movement.

"Ernestine, I wish you would have a little forbearance—a little regard for your husband's feelings. He is rough, and a little scared by misfortune, but a true friend of mine. Have patience with him if you love me."

Mrs. Shenstone sighed, and then seeing the worn, troubled face of her husband, she laid her white hand on his arm, and, with a sweet, affectionate smile, answered:

"Forgive me, Serle, for my petulance. I ought, indeed, to be willing to bear far greater trials for your sake. But your very tenderness and thoughtfulness have spoiled me; you see, I will try to do better."

Serle Shenstone's eyes filled with tears; he put his arm around her waist, and drew her to him, while he said, falteringly, and with deep emotion:

"Ernestine, my beloved, it grieves me sorely to see you disturbed in this manner. Could I remove the cause without bringing deeper distress, believe me it should be done. How gladly would I die to assure you and Mark from harm."

He dropped his head to her shoulder, and a half-sob choked his words. Something of the anguish in his heart was revealed in the tone of his voice.

"Serle," said his wife, startled by a cruel fear, "if there is anything for me to know, do not shrink from telling it. I can bear anything bravely; anything but to lose your love, or to meet dishonour."

He groaned, dropped her hands hastily, and strode to the window.

At that moment came Rufus White with Mark's letter.

Mrs. Shenstone tore it open hastily, ran her eye through, and handed it to her husband, while she went away to pack up the portmanteau of clothing he had sent for.

"This is very singular," observed Mr. Shenstone as he folded the note. "Rufus, do you know how seriously Mark is hurt?"

"No, sir, I know nothing about it. The man came with the note and I brought it; that's all I know, if you please, sir."

"Perhaps it is as well," murmured Serle Shenstone, turning the note uneasily in his hands. "He will have had time to forget the morning's altercation before he returns."

Mr. Kinnmouth here made his appearance, and behind him the servants with the tea-tray. Mrs. Shenstone returned in a few moments, and sending Rufus to the kitchen for a warm supper, requested him to wait till she could write a few lines to send with the clothes.

Mr. Kinnmouth glanced around the room with one of his grim smiles.

"Your son is absent, Shenstone; how is that?"

"Mark has been out shooting and has met with a



slight accident, so he judges it prudent to remain quiet in the quarters into which he had fallen. We shall have him at the Manor for some few days," replied Mr. Shonstone.

"Humph! an accident, eh? Didn't break his neck. I suppose it was somebody's else he'd like to have broken. A buffy fellow! I think he meant to stay when he went," growled out old Kimmouth.

Mrs. Shonstone's delicate cheek flushed, but she bent earnestly over the cups of daintiest material and colouring, appearing not to hear.

Her husband bit his lips, and hastily passed the molten plate to his obnoxious guest, hoping those delicious successes of the cook would occupy and thereby silence the troublesome mouth.

But Jessie Wharton spoke up a little sharply: "Any one that knows Mark is quite well aware there is no shamming in his nature. Does he send word that he is hurt, Mrs. Shonstone?"

"Enough to prevent his coming home for a little while; but he assures me it is nothing serious. I am not at all alarmed about him, dear Jessie, so you may be certain there is no chance for it; for I am a fond, a foolish mother, I confess."

"And who has extended him the needed hospitality?" questioned Jessie.

"He does not tell us; a roughish freak of his." Jessie's eyes were bent upon her plate; she was silent and abstracted.

The Australian watched her furtively, and, after the others had left the table, he detained her in the room.

"Don't fret so, my pretty Jessie; the lad shall return when you like, and shall owe for that white hand of yours as eagerly as for that of the proudest lady in the land. I'll settle it this very night."

"You are too rough and harsh," answered Jessie, somewhat resentfully; "why do you make him dislike you so? that is no way to bring him to your wishes."

Mrs. Shonstone had gone out to find Rufus, and her husband was leaning drastically against the open door of the hall outside, so there were none to listen.

"He, he, pretty one! I don't need to stoop to cajoling now. I have an iron screw; why fitter my patience away waiting, when a single turn of the wrench brings the same result."

"I know you have some powerful secret, but some one else may use it also; better not have their dislike against you."

"Aye, and I alone hold the secret, and a jolly one it is; is not that enough, Miss Jessie?"

"Are you sure?" It seemed to me from what the old witch fortune-teller said, her vague hints gave me to suspect that the wizard knew something against the Shonstones' fair name. I suspected their locating so near the manor was not without design."

He grasped her arm so fiercely she shrank back in pain.

"The wizard! the fiend, you mean, don't you? Tell me quickly how he looks."

She paused to rally from her affright at his change of mood, then answered with her eyes on his face to watch every shade there.

"A tall, powerfully-framed man, with strong features, and an eye which would be ink-black, but for a spark always adumbrate there, making it rather a lurid glow than any colour at all."

The Australian shut his teeth down upon his grim lip with ferociousness.

"I know of such an eye. Your words are better than some pictures—go on."

"There is little more. Long locks of gray, and a beard of snowy whiteness covering half his breast. He seems a man of keen intellect, notwithstanding he plays the juggler to amuse these superstitious country folks. I cannot exactly tell you why, but I have a deep impression that he was in some way connected with the manor."

"Snowy beard, long gray hair, that will not do," muttered the old man, leaning heavily against the open window, through whose vine drapery without came the cool evening air; "It cannot be him, St. George! what a relief!"

"Beard and hair might be readily assumed; the eye is the surer testimony," said Jessie, in her cool, deliberate tones. "If there is a man with such an eye, who is able to mar your plans, you had better look to it."

"You may be sure I shall not rest easy until I am satisfied. I have listened carefully to the talk about the wizard; I may need your help, Jessie."

"You will have it so long as the end you seek meet my approval. But hush! the servants are coming to remove the dishes."

She glided away swiftly, and the old man followed.

(To be continued.)

ALEXANDRE DUMAS the younger, when a student

in the Quartier Latin, desired to make a good repast with a companion, and found on examining his purse that it contained only five francs. "Wait," said he to his companion, "while I run upstairs and borrow five more from my father, and with the ten we shall dine like princes." "Well," inquired the waiting man on his return, "have you got the ten?" "I haven't even got the first five," answered Dumas, ruefully—"my father is better at borrowing than I."

#### PARLIAMENT.

THE two Houses of Parliament are about to meet, and it may not be uninteresting to point out that the word parliament is derived from the French "parler," to speak, and, according to Blackstone, it was first applied to general assemblies of the State under Louis VII. in France, about the middle of the twelfth century.

The earliest mention of it in the statutes is the preamble to the Statute of Westminster, a.d. 1272. Great councils of the nation, however, existed in England both under the Saxon and Norman kings. Coke, Spelman, Camden, Prynne, and other authorities agree that the Commons formed part of the great synodal or councils before the Conquest, but there is no record as to how they were summoned, or the power they possessed, which are still matters of obscurity.

The origin of the House of Commons is referred to the writs issued in 1265 by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, while Henry III. was his prisoner. These writs required each sheriff of a county, together with two knights for his shire, and two citizens for each city, and two burgesses for each borough, within the limits of his shire.

Whatever may have been the origin of this summons, it is known that King Edward I., in 1295, after he became king, in the twenty-third year of his reign adopted the system of calling together knights, citizens and burgesses, for the purpose of raising money for the king's wars, and this was the predecessor of the House of Commons.

In 1297, the twenty-fifth year of Edward I., the representative freeholders, or knights of the shire, were united with the representatives of the citizens and burgesses in one assembly, consisting of the knights, bishops, earls, barons, burgesses and other freemen of the land.

In 1327, in the writs issued by Edward III. to the sheriffs to proclaim himself king, the knights, citizens and burgesses are comprehended in the term Commons, as opposed to the "prelates, barons and other great men." During this reign the Commons claimed, and their claim was allowed by the king, a vote upon all enactments affecting those great bodies of the people whom they represented.

After the House of Commons was established as a separate legislative body, it began itself to narrow the suffrage in the constituent bodies; and the earliest measure of this kind is that of the 8th of Henry VI., which restricted the county franchise formerly possessed by all freeholders to those whose freeholds were worth clear forty shillings a year, a sum equal to 20*s.* of the present day.

The borough representative was the object of attack under the later reigns of the Tudors, and this system was vigorously carried on by the Stuarts.

These hostile measures against the liberty of the subject consisted in created parliamentary boroughs, altering the municipal constitutions of the old parliamentary boroughs to the new ones. Of the forty-six parliamentary boroughs created during the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, twenty-seven appeared in Schedule A of the Reform Bill of 1832 and were disfranchised, and five of the same number in Schedule B lost one member. The last borough created by charter was that of Newark in the reign of Charles II.

THE King of Bavaria has offered a prize for the best design for a drawing-room lamp to burn petroleum. The height is not to exceed from sixty to seventy centimetres and the material is to be metal, which, however, may be decorated with other substances, such as ivory, marble, etc.

BIRDS NEAR THE NILE.—The redstarts and desert chats are various and attractive. The white-fronted redstart is to be seen about the villages, also the black species; the last, however, is not nearly so common. The stone-chat winters in Egypt, also the wheatear and yellow and gray-throated wagtails. The sombre wagtail, somewhat like the last, is often observed about the first cataraet. In the fields are flocks of the red-throated pipit, and around Thebes any one with sporting proclivities may bag at early morn, or at dusk, several brace of the pin-tailed grouse, and other allied but less common species, such as the beautiful crowned and the

Senegal sand-grouse. The quail is not to say plentiful, but there are few vetch-fields where several couples may not be procured during the cold months. The sand-grouse are represented on the monuments, and the quail appears among many votive offerings to the gods, and in the bird-catching scenes. It was not sacred, and there is no recorded instance of any mummied specimens. Returning to the desert-haunting birds, there are several black and white chats remarkable for the purity of these colours. The white-headed chat (*Dremolops leucocephala*) is common on the sterile wastes of Nubia, around deserted villages and ruined temples, where its black and white-tailed mate (*D. leucopygia*) is still more common, and has been mistaken for a distinct species. The russet-coloured wheatear (*Saricola lugens*) is more common in Egypt than between the first and second cataraets, where another russet-clad chat, the desert wheatear, is to be seen. Often, during excursions among the sand dunes of Nubia, the traveller comes suddenly on a brownish-yellow night-jar (*Caprimulgus isabellinus*), lying close on the sand in some white hole it has scooped in the open. Like the sand-grouse and many desert-loving birds, the colour of the plumage is eminently adapted to protect it from its foes, being of the pale yellowish brown of the surrounding sands.

#### AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

THE annual amateur theatricals took place at Boreston Park, Salep, on Tuesday, the 18th of January, the pieces selected for performance being "The Wilful Ward," "The Yellow Dwarf," and "The Area Belle."

In the first, Mr. Darby, as Sir Peregrine Placid, was a great success, both his acting and set-up being capital. Miss Lillie Jones, as the Wilful Ward, was distinct could be wished for, and showed that it was not the first time she had appeared upon the boards. The other parts were well sustained by Mr. E. Hunt and Mr. J. Mackay, Mr. Cator making an admirable Thomas.

Next for performance came "The Yellow Dwarf," which was very well played by the children of the house.

Miss Hunt, as All Fair, looked the character all over, besides rendering it in a particularly pleasing manner, as did Miss Tiny Hunt as Ugliandida. The parts of Ninnyhammer and Laspico were so creditably played by Mr. Tom Hunt and Mr. O. Jackson, that they must not be left unnoticed.

Indeed, a great deal of praise is due to all for the way in which they had got up their parts. The performance concluded with a very excellent representation of "The Area Belle."

Special praise must be allotted to the most captivating of Penelope, Miss Jackson, who acted with a vivacity and charm of manner that at once took the house by storm.

And last, but, in this instance, most certainly not least, Mr. Reginald Corbett, as Pitcher, the policeman, was indeed A. 1, and although it is the first time that we have had the pleasure of seeing him on the Boreston boards we all hope it will not be the last; for, besides his good acting, he wound up the ball that followed by a most capital led-soliton.

The following night the same pieces were to be repeated for the tenants, etc., the parts of Penelope and Pitcher being kindly undertaken by Miss Alice Kenyon and Mr. E. Hunt, as Miss Jackson and Mr. Reginald Corbett were unavoidably prevented from repeating their representation owing to previous engagements elsewhere.

The following is the programme, and all thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Hunt for a most enjoyable evening:

"The Wilful Ward": Sir Peregrine Placid, Mr. Darby; Charles Fairfax, Mr. E. Hunt; Frederick Lippington, Mr. Mackay; Thomas, Mr. Cator; Rose Lester, Miss Jones.

"The Yellow Dwarf": Allwaisethanda, Miss L. Hunt; Papillonilla, Miss J. Hunt; Ugliandida, Miss Tiny Hunt; Mermarilla, Miss A. Hunt; Meliodorus, Mr. E. Hunt; Sterno, Mr. M. Jackson; Laspico, Mr. O. Jackson; Vaparrillo, Mr. E. Hunt; Trunkilla, Mr. E. Lloyd; Ninnyhammer, Mr. Tom Hunt; Aroogantia, Miss E. Kenyon; All Fair, Miss Hunt; Lord Broomstick, Mr. T. Jackson.

"The Area Belle": Pitcher, Mr. Reginald Corbett; Toasser, Mr. Alfred Darby; Chalks, Mr. Tom Mackay; Penelope, Miss Jackson; Mrs. Croaker, Miss M. Kenyon.

REFINED HOMES are at the end of civilization. All the work of the world—the railroading, navigating, digging, manufacturing, inventing, teaching, writing, fighting, are done, first of all, to secure each family in the possession of its own hearth; and secondly, to surround as many hearths as possible with grace, culture and beauty. The work of all races for five thousand years is represented in the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlour.



[MAKING HIMSELF AT HOME.]

## LEFT BY WILL.

THE day had been wet. Toward night it cleared, and there was promise of a beautiful sunset.

"I am going for a long walk, Lucius," said Mrs. Conyers to a servant she met in the hall—an old family servant, who was at once the comfort and bane of her life. "I will have some tea when I get back."

Lucius was gracious enough to promise that she should, then he added:

"No news yet of the young gentleman, Miss Elsie?"

"No, Lucius; I thought he would have got here by this morning, but I suppose I was mistaken about the day the steamer would arrive."

"Ah, I know them steamers, confound 'em!" returned Lucius, with a lofty air—for Lucius was a travelled man.

As she walked rapidly forward Elsie was thinking of the young gentleman concerning whose non-arrival the magnificent Lucius had spoken. He was her ward, though she had never yet seen him.

Her ward—Elsie could not say the words without laughing; yet she sighed, and felt frightened, too, for she was barely twenty-one herself, though she had been a widow for a year; and to be left guardian to a growing boy, who must be at least fourteen, seemed at once ludicrous and terrifying.

This was the way it happened.

When Elsie Barrington was eighteen she married Edgar Conyers—a man old enough to have been her grandfather, and whom she had known and been petted by all her short life.

Her mother made the match, of course. Elsie's father had died when the girl was fifteen—died insolvent.

The old gentleman adored his young bride; and

Elsie, knowing no more about love than I know about Chinese, was acquiescent, and, indeed, quietly happy during her wedded life.

At the time of his marriage Mr. Conyers had written to a friend of his, who lived in the South of France, that he was taking to himself a wife, the daughter of their former friend Barrington.

Now Mr. Barrington had another daughter, Elsie's half-sister—a widow of near forty.

Mr. Mannering took it for granted that it was she whom Conyers had married, and wrote back his earnest congratulations.

Only three months before his death there came another letter from Mannering.

"My health is failing fast," he wrote, "I may go any day; the sooner the better. I will ask a last favour of you, Edgar. You will remember my writing to you, two years since, that my poor sister was dead, and had left me guardian to her boy. When I go I want you to be his guardian. I have appointed you in my will. In case you should follow me, the guardianship will devolve upon your wife."

The two friends died about the same time. Almost the last words Conyers spoke were to confide his friend's nephew to Elsie's care. A letter Mannering wrote, just before his death, informed them that he had decided his boy was to travel for another year under the charge of a tutor, then go home.

Elsie wrote one letter to the orphan, kindly, gently telling him that when he returned to England her house was to be his home, and promising to fulfil, as well as she could, the duties which had devolved upon her.

Soon after her husband's death she and her mother went to visit Mrs. Barrington's step-daughter; and I fear that, in spite of her wise resolutions, Elsie thought very little about her new charge.

However, not long before the time where I begin my story, she received a letter from Lester Warne, her ward, a very short letter, beginning, "Dear madam," and ending with a "Yours respectfully," in which he informed her that he was coming home.

Busy with her own affairs, Elsie simply wrote to the lawyers in London, who had charge of the boy's future, that, after Master Lester Warne's arrival she would go and confer with them—and there the matter rested.

It was past eight o'clock when Mrs. Conyers reached the house. The May evening had been so sweet, she had been beguiled into wandering farther than she intended.

When she entered the hall Lucius met her with his usual grand bow, and the information:

"If you please, madam, the travellers has arrived, the young gentleman, being non compos with a sick headache, has retired, but the other, I suppose he's the tutor, waits in the library."

Elsie ran upstairs to remove her wraps and thick boots and slip into another dress.

"I darsay he is an old pump—tutors always are," she thought, as she took a glance at her pretty self in the mirror; "still one likes to be decent, even if one sits alone."

Downstairs she flew. She was a little, lithe thing, with great soft blue eyes and golden hair, looking more like seventeen than twenty-one; but, in spite of her gentle manners and caressing ways, she was as decided a woman as one could find.

"Now for the old prose," she thought, as she opened the library-door. "It is a shame that mamma should be out to-night of all others! I hope the old thing won't talk either conchology or geology, at least."

She entered the room—a handsome, luxurious chamber, which was Elsie's favourite retreat. A fire was burning in the grate—Elsie liked a fire as long as she could make any pretence for having one. Her reading-table was drawn up, as usual, in her pet corner, her pet arm-chair beside it, but, lo and behold! the stranger had established himself in that special nook.

He was half-lying back in the seat, so that she could only see the top of his head, and, below, his legs stretched completely out upon the hearth.

"I know I shall hate him," she thought. "If he had the brains of an oyster he would have known by instinct that he had taken my favourite place. Well, he must be deaf to the bargain!"

She was half-way across the room by this time but the audacious tutor had not stirred.

In passing a table her loose sleeve swept a book off, which fell to the floor; still he did not move.

"If I had a percussion-cap I'd crack it on the top of his old head!" thought Elsie.

On she floated to the hearth.

As she reached it the gentleman rose with a start, but, instead of being elderly, he was an exceedingly handsome young fellow, looking about twenty-six, tall, elegantly formed, with beautiful black eyes and a heavy, curling, black moustache.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" cried he, not a bit confused, though he looked a little bewildered by the golden-haired apparition which had so suddenly appeared before him. "I believe I was fast asleep."

Elsie felt somewhat flattered by the sight of such a Prince Charming in place of the elderly gentleman she had thought to see; but, of course, it was not in keeping with her dignity as mistress of the house to show it. She said, gravely:

"You are tired from your voyage, I presume."

"Not that; I never suffer on ship-board," he replied. "But we have had such a fatiguing day of it. When we changed trains, I stupidly took the wrong one—we went careering up towards I don't know where; then had to wait a whole age at some bye station for a return train."

"It was very vexatious," Elsie said, pleasantly, though in her heart she was thinking this tutor much too free and unembarrassed for his position. "I fear your young charge is quite worn out. My servant told me he had gone to bed."

"Yes; poor little fellow! he suffers terribly from sick headaches, and is quite done up."

"Can I do anything for him, or is he better left alone?" she asked.

"No, thanks. Sleep is all he wants. That magnificent servant of yours gave him some capital tea, and he went fast asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. He'll be all right in the morning," answered the tutor, with a carelessness which did not please Mrs. Conyers.

"I hope Lucius is attending to your dinner," was all she said.

"Oh, thanks! We dined at the station where we were detained; but, if you will excuse me, I'd be awfully glad of some tea."

"Lucius will bring it in a moment."

"And I'll just run up and be sure that little beggar is all right."



When he came back the tea was waiting, and Elsie was busy with the cups and saucers.

"He's fast as a dormouse," said the young gentleman, again staring at her with his handsome eyes full of undisguised admiration.

"I am glad," said she, and gave him a cup of tea. "Do you like milk and sugar?" she added, waving her hand toward the tray, in sign for him to help himself if he did.

"Yes, both; but I shall spoil it if I try. Please put it right for me," said he, coolly.

She complied in silence, thinking:

"I wonder when your quarter will be up, young man; when it is you will be free to find another situation."

"I suppose I have taken possession of your mamma's pet corner."

"No, it is mine," she replied, quietly.

He rose, laughing, and made a pretence of offering it to her, though he added:

"It's a shame to make me give it up. I'm awfully comfortable; and, besides, I'm ever so much the oldest!"

She was struck dumb. She said, coldly:

"Pray keep it, if you like; I will take mamma's place."

"Your mamma is out, the man said."

"Yes; I am very sorry."

"So am I. Naturally, I am crazy to see her!" he said, laughing. "Do tell me what she is like. I don't know her at all, you know; I mean to be awfully fond of her. I doat on elderly people."

If her mother could hear him—she was the staidest, haughtiest woman that one could imagine.

"I did not even know she had a daughter," he went on. "I was quite dazed when you came in. I beg your pardon; but the sooner I get acquainted with the family the fewer mistakes I shall make. Induce called you Miss Elsie. Am I to—"

"You may call me Mrs. Conyers, if you please," she said, as he paused, leaving his sentence unfinished, and dropping her words out slowly and distinctly.

"What!" He fairly shouted, springing to his feet. "I beg your pardon! What did you say?"

She began to think him a raving lunatic, but replied, composedly:

"I am Mrs. Edgar Conyers."

He set his cup down on the table, stared at her, clasped his hands, and went into a perfect paroxysm of laughter.

She was more frightened than angry—she certainly was mad! If he moved again she would ring.

"It can't be!" he cried, as soon as he could get breath. "It is a joke!"

"I am Mrs. Conyers," she repeated, sternly, fixing her eyes full upon him with a vague recollection of having read somewhere that one may keep lunatics and lions in order by staring fixedly into their eyes.

He burst into a more insane fit of merriment, laughed till the tears actually ran down his cheeks. Mad or not, there was only one thing to be done—he must leave the room. She rose; but he put out his hand.

"Don't!" he said, brokenly. "I do believe you don't know who I am, any more than I—I knew who you were. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I do not, sir?" she said, in a voice that shook with fear and anger.

"Oh, dear! I think I shall die!" he shrieked.

"You are Mrs. Conyers, and I am—Lester Warne!"

She sank back on her chair and stared at him.

"It is true," he said. "See, here are the letters and all."

He pulled a packet from his coat, laid it on the table, tried to compose himself, but could only go into renewed peals of mirth.

"Who is the young gentleman upstairs?" she asked, still unbelonging.

"Little Thaddy Williamson! I telegraphed you to know if I might bring him up for a few days, till his people could know we had arrived."

"I had no telegram," she said.

"Oh, don't say a bundle of blunders! I said, if not convenient read me word. As I got no answer, I brought him. Oh, please laugh! I shall die if you don't. Mr. Montagu will be here to-morrow; he will tell you. Indeed, indeed, I am Lester Warne!"

She believed it at last. The ludicrous side suddenly struck her too. She laughed until she was almost hysterical; and he laughed till he was forced to go and fling himself on a sofa and hold his sides in sheer exhaustion.

It must have been a good half-hour before they were sane enough to get at the facts in the case. He had supposed her a middle-aged lady; his uncle would have considered him a boy till he went on crutches.

The explanations on either side were so often interrupted by bursts of laughing that they were a long while getting through them; by the time they

ended the pair felt as if they had known each other for years.

"I shall call you 'Guardy,' as the children do their guardians!" cried he. "And you shall call me 'Ward'; nothing else, I insist on it."

Then they shrieked again.

The upshot of the matter was that ten o'clock came before they were aware.

The carriage brought Mrs. Barrington back without their hearing it, and they were so earnest in conversation that the stately lady entered the room unperceived by either.

She had heard from Lucius of the arrival, jumped to the conclusion that this handsome young fellow was the tutor, and stood aghast at the sight of her daughter laughing and talking with her ward's instructor as freely and familiarly as if he had been an old friend.

"Oh, mamma, back at last!" cried Elsie, when they perceived her.

"Back at last!" returned the old lady, in an icy voice, and glaring at her offspring with anger and dismay.

"This is Lester Warne," said Elsie, trying hard to say the words composedly.

Now Mrs. Barrington was rather deaf, though she would have gone to the stake sooner than admit it. She did not catch the name, but disdained to ask. She wheeled slowly round and confronted the stranger, who had risen.

"I hope your young charge is quite well, sir," she said.

It was too much; neither of her listeners could keep from laughing again like mad; and the old lady stood gazing from one to the other with a face of indignant horror and outraged pride, which ought to have turned the offenders to stone.

Before Elsie could find voice to explain her mother said:

"Mrs. Conyers, it is past ten o'clock. As your ward's tutor is doubtless fatigued, it would be a kindness on your part to have him shown to his room, where he can finish his mirth at his own leisure."

"Oh, mamma, this is Lester Warne!" cried Elsie. "This is the boy we have been expecting! Oh, Mr. Warne, mamma ordered a huge rocking-horse for you last week, and a Shetland pony; you shall ride them both to-morrow."

"With pleasure," said he. "And you shall wear the beautiful gold spectacles I have bought for you. I did not know what to buy for an elderly lady, and so I hit on these."

When Mrs. Barrington was at last made to comprehend the truth she was shocked and horrified; but the absurdity of the thing was too much even for her grandeur and she laughed more heartily than anybody had seen her do in twenty years.

"Mr. Montagu, the lawyer, will be up to-morrow," Mrs. Barrington said; "he will know how to manage. Of course, Elsie must resign her—ha, ha!"

—her guardianship at once.

"Not a bit of it!" cried Warne, resolutely. "I don't believe she can. She has accepted the trust; she is my guardian, and must stay so for a year yet. I do not reach my majority until I am twenty-five—that is in my father's will. You can't turn off a poor orphan!"

"At least he can stop for a visit, mamma," said Elsie.

"You know, next week the cousins are coming. The house will be full of young men. He can stay too."

"I can't even draw my allowance without your signature, guardy!" said Warne. "I hope you mean to tip me, for I am awfully hard up. Your gold spectacles were frightfully dear. I was sorry afterward that I did not buy you an agate-headed walkingstick."

The next day Mr. Montagu, the lawyer, arrived, according to arrangement. The absurdity of the business was too much at first even for his legal composure.

After a long conversation the matter was definitely settled.

Mr. Montagu decided that to attempt any changes would only give added publicity to the business, and perhaps be the means of exposing Mrs. Conyers to unpleasant remarks.

She could perfectly well sign the cheques whereby "her ward" would draw his allowance, and as far as their neighbours were concerned, it would be easy enough to make them suppose that Mrs. Barrington was the guardian—that is, if it were found necessary to say anything.

Fortunately, neither Elsie nor her mother was of the order of women who go about confiding their private affairs to forty-five different intimate friends; and the matter of the guardianship had been from the first so distasteful to Mrs. Barrington and so terrifying to Elsie that they had never talked about the business at all.

After a couple of days Warne took little Williamson away to confide him to the care of his relations.

The next week, as Elsie had announced would be the case, the house filled with a party of relatives who had not seen the mother and daughter since a year before the death of Mr. Conyers.

Of course they knew nothing about the guardianship and cared less. They all knew who Mr. Manning was, and nothing could be more natural than that he should have confided his nephew to the care of Mrs. Barrington, the wife of one of his very oldest friends.

So, all through the pleasant summer, Lester Warne, under one pretext or another, remained at Beecherhoff.

When autumn came Mrs. Barrington decided that Elsie's health required change, and the advice of a physician, and so took her to the house in London.

The plain English of all which was (though the mother did not know it) that she was weary of leading a retired life, for Mrs. Barrington craved amusement and excitement as much as if she had been eighteen.

Of course Elsie did not go into society, or receive, beyond seeing intimate friends in a very quiet way. But Mrs. Barrington went out constantly; it was a sacrifice, but she submitted to it for her daughter's sake.

"I never have shrunk from my duty, Elsie, and I never shall," she reiterated, over and over. "You cannot remain a recluse for ever at your age. I must go about, in the meantime, and keep people in remembrance of the fact that you exist, else when you appear in the world again you will be utterly forgotten. I am sure you understand my motive, child."

"Yes, mamma," Elsie would answer.

Then her mother would kiss her, and sail off to opera or ball, majestic in velvets and diamonds; and, if she could catch Warne, would take him with her.

But that young gentleman showed a strange distaste for what is called "society."

He liked best to spend his evenings in Elsie's drawing-room. He lived at an hotel, but, under one pretext or another he managed to dine six days in the week at her house, reading to her or talking, while she netted or embroidered or drew or went on with whatever employment she might chance to have on hand. He went out with Mrs. Barrington if he could not avoid it, but usually managed to find some excuse for getting back to Elsie before the evening was over.

Mrs. Barrington never wearied of talking of his perfections to Elsie, and Elsie said "Yes, mamma," and nothing more, till sometimes Mrs. Barrington was seized with the idea that her daughter did not really appreciate "the boy," and used fairly to reproach her with her indifference.

"Because," said she, "after all, grown men though he may be, he is your ward, and you ought to care; and, Elsie, strong as he looks, my own opinion is that his chest is very delicate. His great-ant died of consumption when she was twenty. I was a tiny child at the time, but I remember it well. She was a beautiful creature, and he looks very like her."

But Elsie never seemed much concerned, and frequently Mrs. Barrington grew fairly vexed with her indifference.

The time came when Lester Warne too had reason, or thought he had, to feel dissatisfied with Elsie's conduct.

They had been the best of friends all the winter; as frank and free in their intercourse as if the tie between them had been that which unites brother and sister.

It was early spring when Warne first noticed this inexplicable change in Mrs. Conyers.

In another month she proposed to go back to Beecherhoff, and a month after that he would reach his ridiculously prolonged majority, and his twenty-fifth birthday.

Quietly as she lived Warne had more than once had an opportunity of being jealous. A man does not need to love a woman in order to be jealous. The merest boy will be annoyed if any feminine on whom he considers that he has special claims ventures so much as to appear interested in the conversation of any other masculine, young or old.

And Elsie had hosts of admirers.

Half a dozen men were only waiting till nine months of her second year of widowhood were complete to lay their hands and their fortunes at her feet.

And Warne knew this better than Elsie herself; for, indeed, though she liked men's society, Elsie never thought about love, or being made love to.

That sort of thing had been hitherto so entirely kept out of her life, that she dreamed but seldom, and then very vaguely, of such a consummation ever reaching her.

She had been very happy this winter, but she did not ask herself why, till suddenly there came that change in her, a change so noticeable that even Mrs.

Barrington observed it and discussed its possible meaning with Warne.

Lester himself had quite made up his mind. She was in love with the lawyer, Mr. Montagu. Montagu was still young, handsome and poor. She feared that her mother would object, and dreaded to let the truth be known.

Just as she was preparing to leave town, Lester came to her one day, and announced his intention of making a trip to the Continent.

She received the news with such unfeigned satisfaction that he nearly lost his senses and set off the very next day, to Mrs. Barrington's undisguised despair.

He did not come back, and seldom wrote. It was September before he returned. He was recalled by a letter from Mr. Montagu.

"It is necessary that you should be punctual," the lawyer said, "because Mrs. Conyers contemplates travelling abroad, and desires definitely to settle all affairs connected with her guardianship before her departure; a matter rendered the more imperative because I also expect to be absent from London for several months. Our house is engaged for a lawsuit in the case of an Englishman established in St. Petersburg, and I have been deputed to go over and attend to it."

It was not difficult, as Warne told himself, bitterly, "to put two and two together," and a letter from Mrs. Barrington, which reached him at the same time, aided his faculties considerably in that attempt at multiplication.

She wrote that it was rumoured Mr. Montagu was to be married.

As for Elsie, what ailed her was beyond her mother's comprehension; but she was evidently guarding some secret, and living in fear of her parent's discovering it, and Mrs. Barrington was nearly frantic.

Of course, under such favourable circumstances for behaving like a donkey, no masculine could have resisted the opportunity.

Lester stayed on the Continent till autumn, and went mad with rage and jealousy sixteen times each day.

It was toward the close of a September afternoon that he once more found himself driving along the well-remembered avenue to Beethorpe.

He had reached London on the previous evening, had declined to call upon Mr. Montagu, and in the morning set out on his journey.

Letter after letter had reached him from the lawyer, but had received no answer. At last Mr. Montagu wrote:

"You are delaying my marriage—embarrassing Mrs. Conyers beyond measure. I must leave England before the end of September. If this letter meet with no response, we shall leave your affairs in the care of my partner."

So, on Warne came, more to torture himself by the sight of their happiness than for any other reason.

He was at the house. He was in the library. Mrs. Conyers had started up at sight of him, and was trying to speak some words of welcome.

She had left off her black, and it seemed to him that the gray dress made her look changed and unlike herself.

He tried to be completely at his ease; began a dozen subjects, and never finished a sentence.

When he perceived his utter failure in doing the dignified and indifferent he turned sulky, and said several provoking things, man-like.

She took no notice. She talked pleasantly. At last she pointed to the papers scattered about the table and said:

"I was just going over these, in order to send them to you. I received them all from Mr. Montagu yesterday."

"And you are going abroad," he said, rather than asked.

"Yes. Mr. Montagu is obliged to sail next week."

"Oh!" he interrupted, with a harsh laugh. "Then I am in time for the wedding."

"No, indeed, you dreadful young man!" she answered, trying to speak playfully. "That took place four days ago."

He turned deathly white, and leaned back helplessly in his chair. He had thought himself prepared for the worst, but he perceived his mistake now.

He would not give way. He would speak.

"At least, I am not too late to offer you my best congratulations," he said, with an effort, as if each word were a load.

"Offer him and Clara Vaughan, you mean," laughed Elsie, looking at him strangely.

"Aren't you married to him?" he exclaimed.

She blushed scarlet, then grew pale. Had he looked at her he might have seen that her eyes showed that a sudden light had dawned upon her.

"Perhaps you will go over these papers with me,"

said she. "Not that she at all knew what she was saying."

She held a letter toward him. He took it as blithely as it was offered. He could not speak. So he tried to read it while he got his senses back.

He did read; and when he had finished he understood the reason of the change in Elsie Conyers. He had been worth twenty thousand pounds. The companies in which it was invested had failed during the past winter.

Elsie had been trying to use her influence with her husband's executors—she herself was not really free yet—so over that amount of her own fortune to his credit.

She had persuaded them at last. She thought she was handing him a letter from Mr. Montagu. She had given him the executors' letter instead. They had consented to her plan simply because they found that it was positively certain that the whole of Warne's money could be recovered in the course of two years.

A sudden exclamation, which Warne uttered, made her look up. She saw then what she had given him; tried, uselessly, to snatch the paper from his grasp.

He seized both her hands in his, and said, in a choked voice:

"May Heaven pardon me! I cannot forgive myself."

He had not meant to say more, but something in her pale, agitated face gave him courage.

"Elsie," he whispered, "I'll accept your money on one condition—that you give me yourself too."

She did not speak, but she let him draw her hand down upon his shoulder, as he asked:

"Shall it be, 'truly'?"

Then he caught her tremulous answer.

"You are free now, ward. It is for you to choose."

Boxwood.—Not every one is aware that the wood used by engravers in the growth of those far-away regions round the Black and Caspian Seas, the very names of the ports from which it is shipped being unfamiliar. Very few who consider themselves good geographers have ever heard of Pail, or Akkasia, or Tarsin, and yet these are flourishing commercial towns, reached by the way of the Golden Horn of Constantinople. For all fine engravings Turkey boxwood is used, and as its quality varies much, some skill is necessary to a good selection. The best is of a yellow colour, clear and free from spots; it cuts smoothly and evenly, with no crumbling or tearing, but every line cut will be perfect; it is to the use of this wood by our artists that the superiority of their designs and wood-engravings must in a great measure be attributed. In consequence of its hardy and high price, many substitutes have been resorted to; maple, apple, pear, mahogany have been experimented upon; but hitherto no wood, metal, or composition has been discovered that possesses the requisite qualities. In addition to engraving, boxwood is used for scales, rules, gaging rods, and similar articles on which figuring is made; and there are factories that consume hundreds of tons annually for this purpose alone. Any one that has ever held a carpenter's rule in his hand knows what boxwood is like.

A SCORCH LADY AND HER LITTLE DOG.—The fact that there is an organized band of dog stealers in the metropolis, who manage to thrive upon the rewards offered by bereaved owners for the recovery of their pets, was brought to light in a case tried recently and brought to light, mainly through the firmness and intelligence of a young lady who was a victim to the dog thief's practices. On the 17th of November Miss B.'s maid was directed to take the pet out for an airing. The dog had his walk, and rather more of it than was contemplated, for Miss B.'s maid returned home alone, with the information that the dog had disappeared. Advertisement and handbills were issued offering a reward of 25s. for the missing animal, and in the usual course, about a week afterwards, a man named J. N. waited upon Miss B. to inform her that he knew where the dog was. It might be found and he would guide the lady to the proper place. Miss B. and her mother suggested that the best course would be that some one should bring the dog to its owner and receive the promised reward. This however did not suit the views of the visitor. Speaking doubtless from a large experience, he said, "the aristocracy often refused to pay when they got their dogs back." Miss B. and her mother then resolved to go, and they went, taking with them a male attendant and the sum of 25s. The ladies were taken by N. down a long, dark alley, to a back room. There a second man appeared on the scene, and receiving from the young lady another assurance that the money would be paid, he went out and returned almost immediately with the missing dog, and with a number of other men. The dog

was without a collar, and Miss B. remonstrated the officers that it had a collar on when they stole it. This remark appears to have wounded the feeling of the gentlemen present, and they all cried "hush," as a reminder to the lady that that was not a proper term to use—"hush, the wise it call." Miss B. on regarding home informed the police, and M. was apprehended a month later. In the house lost or two more valuable dogs were found, and it is fair to suppose they were to be kept until the time came for receiving rewards from their owners. N. was described as a dog-thief by profession, and has twice been imprisoned for similar offences—once for eighteen months. The Court sent him again to prison for eighteen months, and in doing so gave, we hope, a check to dog-stealing for a time.

## PACETTE

We have a good story of a Frenchman and his jealous spouse at one of the hotels of London. The lady indulged herself occasionally, as soon as cloistered with her mispronouncing husband, in hysterical upraidings for the imaginary infidelities in ogling the ladies at table, and at last things grew so bad that the following announcement transpired: "The lady died off, as usual, with much emphasis."

Monstrous, however, had reached the culminating point of human endurance, and her death was a welcome release to broken English, interlarded with French expletives, and the fair one joined his case of rascals in an apparently desperate determination to commit suicide.

Seizing her arm with one hand, he pulled her bell-rope violently with the other, a summons which was speedily answered, for the waiters, whose organs of ingenuity are usually well developed, had been religiously listening outside, the door to what was going on within. As soon, however, as she entered the chamber, our gallant Frenchman relinquished his hold of the lady's arm.

"Ah, ah, madame," blazed he between his teeth, "you shall out your throat, eh? two blue, voracious, now you cut your throat as quick as you like. Make I see you bleed as you cut him year after year. Ah, ah, madame, if you cut your throat, cut him right away."

As might have been expected, the Prince of Wales did not leave Gaylen without a minute having taken place in his honour. The process with which the thing was manufactured is astonishing. The following remarkable occurrence is reported as having taken place during the elephant hunt near Kandy. It was curious to hear the "guy" the natives about the hotel retailed in answer to any questions as to what was going on. One remarker that found general acceptance was that the Prince had struck a tremendous large elephant and killed it upon the spot, but that when the smoke cleared away the body was found to have miraculously disappeared.

"SET BACK." "Jennie, you're my sweetheart," said a nine-year-old editor, as he sat alone with his heart's idol, recently.

"How can I be your sweetheart?" asked the little miss, "when I am thirteen years old, and you only nine."

"Are you thirteen?"

"Of course I am."

"Well," answered the juvenile beau, after reflecting a little, "I'd been thirteen too if I hadn't been sick so much when I was little."

Mr. Budd asked her, "Rose, will thou be mine?" Rose answered, "I am sorry it cannot be—but a rose cannot be turned into a bud."

A young woman shot a fellow for asking her if she would marry him. He popped the question, and she the questioner.

A GOOD FARMER.

"Well, Sam, in your master a good farmer?"

"Oh yes, he good farmer—he makes two crops in one year."

"How is that, Sam?"

"Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and makes money one; den in de spring he sell all de hides ob de cattle dat die for de lack ob de hay, and make money twice!"

A CLEVERMAN stated that when in the act of marrying an elderly couple, he, as usual, put the question to the bridegroom: "Do you take the woman whom you now hold by the hand to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated the question much louder, thinking the man might be a little deaf, which in reality he was; but the bride was less patient for his answer, for she shouted in his ear, "Boo, boo, ye brute; can ye no 'boof'?" Having bowed his assent, the ceremony was soon concluded.

A LEARNED and eloquent bishop was very anxious



to convert a Parson who was making some way in London, and, meeting him on an occasion favourable for private conversation, he opened an attack upon his peculiar tenets. "I cannot think," said he, "how any man of intelligence and education, whose mind has been enlarged by travel and association with men of different opinions, can worship a created object, such as the sun." "Oh, my lord bishop," returned the Parson, who had not been fortunate in the weather since his arrival in this country, "you should see it—your own idea, what a glorious object it is!"

How many grains of common sense go to one scrap? How many scruples of conscience go to one dram?

"No one ever lost anything by loss," said a sage-looking parson. "That's not true," retorted a young lady who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

A young woman who was "driven to distraction," now fears that she will have to walk back.

What is a pig the most voracious of animals? Because he always carries a spare rib or two about him.

#### A FATAL MISTAKE.

A citizen of France, who has an inveterate habit of confounding everything which is said to him and has been in vain endeavouring to acquire a knowledge of our vernacular, was about to leave his boarding-house for a more comfortable quarter. All the little mysteries of his wardrobe, including his last winter garment and umbrella, had been carefully picked up, when he bethought to himself the unpleasant duty now devolving upon him, that of bidding "so soles" good-bye. After shaking his fellow boarders cordially by the hand and wishing them, with incessant bowing, "so verree bust success in so virl," and "so benediction du chief," he retired in search of his "dear landlady," to give her also his blessing. He met her at the foot of the staircase, and advancing, hat in hand, with a thousand scrapes, commenced his speech:

"Ah! madame, I am going to leave you. You have been verree amiable to me, madame. I will never forget you for that. If I am in my country I would ask our government to give you a pension, madame."

The good lady put down her head and blushed modestly, while our Frenchman proceeded:

"Yell, I must go, you know in soese life, madame, it is full of pain and trouble. If so Creator adopted so virl vich I am in make in his poeste, soh zero should be no more pain. Adieu, madame, adieu! perhaps for ever."

Thereupon the Frenchman was making his exit, when he was suddenly called back by his landlady, who interestingly inquired:

"Why, Mr. C., you have forgotten to leave your latch-key."

Mr. C. appeared amazed, apparently not understanding his interrogator.

"Yes," continued Mrs. M., "you know it is the rule for all boarders to give me their keys."

"Oh, madame!" interrupted the Frenchman, with enthusiasm, "I will give you not one—two, but three—and applying the action to the world, he sprang towards Mrs. M., and embracing her tightly in his arms, kissed her most heroically."

The frightened Mrs. M., recovering herself at length cried out:

"The key, Mr. C., the key!"

French, looking confused, ejaculates, with heavy sighs:

"Oh, madame! I not you as me for one key, an' I give it to you. Vata fatale mistake!"

A Dinner out and dinner everywhere confused him—"Invited not long ago to accompany a friend to an entertainment at the house of a gentleman whom I did not happen personally to know, and being, at the proper time, in the upper room, where a luxurious table was spread, I said to a bald-headed, aristocratic-looking gentleman at my side, 'Which is the Amphitryon here?' 'Sir?' replied he of the shiny head. 'Which is the Amphitryon?' 'Well I'm not exactly sure' was the reply, 'but I think it is that deaconer on the other side of the table.'"

OLD Mr. Rowe kept an hotel at Milwaukee, where he used to say one could get anything that was ever made to eat. One day in came a Yankee, who asked old Rowe what he could give him for dinner. "Anything, sir, from a pickled elephant to a canary-bird's tongue." "Wa'al," said the Yankee, eyeing Rowe, "sums I'll take a piece of pickled elephant." "Well, we've got 'em already right here in the house; but you'll have to take a whole one, 'cause we never eat 'em." The Yankee thought he would take some codfish and potatoes.

#### MODERN DICTIONARY.

Witness Box.—In a court of justice, a kind of piliory, where a person is obliged to receive every

species of verbal insult without being able to resent it.

A young man of talent.—An impertinent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a writer of execrable nonsense, a person without modesty, a noisy fellow, a speech maker.

My dear.—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Lawyer.—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy, and keeps it himself.

Dentist.—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

The grave.—An ugly hole in the ground, which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Thin Shoes.—An article worn in winter by high spirited young ladies, who would rather die than conceal the beauty of their feet.

Money.—A fish peculiarly difficult to catch.

Rural felicity.—Potatoes and turnips.

Fear.—The shadow of hope.

Honesty.—An excellent joke.

#### A WOLF OF THE WOODS.

WHEN autumn whistles and fall the leaves, And the suns hang heavy on spruce and pine,

And on the roof and window and low-browed eaves

The first hints of the season shine, I chance to meet in the following wood

A little maiden who hath sojourned, But peers from under her scarlet hood

With wise, strange glances beyond her years.

"Who art thou, my dear, so young, yet wise?"

And why alone in the joyless wood? Were it not for these coal-black, elish eyes,

I should take you for Little Red Riding Hood."

So speak I, in wonder I scarce restrain, As her gleams out, like a weird night-bird's,

When suddenly all is made too plain By one swift gesture and five small words.

Forth darts the tiny and nut-brown head—"Tell you your fortune, sir?" she says.

At last, I sorrowfully understand, And turn aside with an angry grace;

And once for all to the strange romance Of that wolf of the woods I bid farewell,

Though the cunning gleam of her wild eyes

My memory still, like an evil spell.

As I move away through the solemn wood, An old hag starts from the thicket near,

And seizes the child of the scarlet hood, With something between a curse and sneer;

And I hasten my steps as between the trees

Their gipsy camp-fire comes in view, And grouped about it in twos and threes

A half a score of the hang-dog crew.

For, despite the mystery shrouded about

Their race, their language and whence they come,

The woods are fairer and sweeter without

Such lazy lurkers within their gloom.

Yet—strange!—whenever across my path

A reddest starts from the underwood,

My wayward fancy a vision hath

Of a little wail in a scarlet hood.

N. D. U.

#### GEMS.

WEAKNESSES seem to be even more carefully and anxiously concealed than graver and more defined faults, for human nature is more ashamed of the first than of the last.

AVARICE.—All the good things of this world are no farther good to us than as they are of use, and whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.

IMAGINATION.—Nothing at first frames such false inmates as an imaginative temperament. It finds the power of creation so easy, the path it fashions so actual, that no marvel for a time hope is its own security, and the fancied world appears the true copy of the real.

HAPPY PERSONS.—There are persons who may be

called fortunate, if not elect—namely, those who from the felicity of their natural constitution, desire only what is good, and who act for love, and show pure morality in their actions. In these happy beings the superior feelings predominate much over those common to men and animals.

#### STATISTICS.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.—Twenty-five written and various unwritten languages are spoken through the British colonies. There are about 5,000,000 Hindus, 20,000,000 Mohammedans, 10,000,000 Buddhists, and millions of other idolaters of various descriptions in the British foreign possessions. The whole population is estimated at 120,000,000. Of these not more than 25,000,000 are free inhabitants, about 10,000,000 are slaves; 24,000,000 are occasionally and about 70,000,000 live principally on vegetables and fish. About 44,000,000 make wheat and barley their principal granivorous food; 19,000,000 potatoes, 10,000,000 other vegetables, and 10,000,000 rice, maize, millet, etc. About 10,000,000 drink wine frequently; 25,000,000 malt liquors, and 60,000,000 whiskey water.

#### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Reduce common starch to an impalpable powder, put in a tumbler bag, keep in the table drawer. Whenever you take your hands out of dish-water or suds, wipe them dry with a soft towel, and while yet damp, shake the starch bag over them, and rub it in. The effect is most agreeable.

HOT-AIR-WATER is a suggestion for destroying red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, and all the crawling pests which infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum, and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire until the alum disappears, then apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice. Brush the crevices in the floor of the sitting or mop-boards, if you suspect they harbour vermin. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also serve to keep insects at a distance.

LEMON OIL FOR CHOLERA.—This oil has been found, says the "Cochin Argus," very efficacious in allaying vomiting in cholera. Dr. Waring in the Bazaar Medicines says—"It has been found successful when other remedies have failed, and in these cases it proves additionally serviceable by acting as a stimulant to the system generally; it is well worthy of a more extended trial in the treatment of this disease. The dose (five or six drops in sugar or emulsion) may be repeated every hour, or often in severe cases." Natives have great faith in this remedy, and we have heard of copious diarrhoea being arrested by a single dose of the oil.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE death is announced of Mr. Simon W. Waley, a well-known amateur pianist and composer, at the age of forty-eight.

His Majesty the King of the Netherlands has conferred upon Madame Trebick the Grand Medal and Order of Arts in admiration of her talents.

The "Musical Standard" states that by his recent illness Mr. Sims Reeves is the loser of nearly 1,000*l*. Mr. Vernon Rogers has also recently had a serious illness for some weeks, his losses on this account being over 700*l*.

An analysis of one hundred and nineteen separate samples of ale and porter sold over the counter by publicans in various parts of London shows such a percentage of alcohol, that it is obvious that a person who drinks two quarts of fourpenny ale or porter, consumes more alcohol than is contained in half a pint of brandy or whiskey. This will no doubt astonish a good many people.

We are in daily expectation of a notable visitor. A Red Indian chief is about to visit us. The Rev. Pahstahong Chase, the hereditary head of the Ojibweyas, is already in Paris, and will soon be across the Straits of Dover. He is no imposition, no Englishman turned into a wild man of the woods, but a true-blood, a real Indian become Christian—in proof whereof it may be stated that he was the representative of his red brethren before the Prince of Wales when His Royal Highness visited America. The rev. gentleman can preach well. He has some remnants of the eloquence of his poetic progenitors, and rarely fails to be impressive. He is the pastor of three Indian congregations, and visits the Pale-faces to get money for his work.

## CONTENTS.

Page	Page
A TERRIBLE TRIAL; OR, FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT ...	337
EDITOR OF THE CLIFF; OR, THE SMOUGLER ...	341
SCIENCE ...	344
PNEUMATIC TELE- GRAPHY ...	344
SUN SPOTS ...	344
HOMES-POWER OF EM- ONES ...	344
SPILLING BEES ...	344
THE DRAMA ...	345
HE LOVES ME: HE LOVES ME NOT ...	346
THE BARONET'S SON; OR, LOVE AND HATE ...	348
EXILED FROM HOME ...	352
THE ISLAND MYSTERY ...	354
FACTICE ...	358
A WAIF OF THE WOODS ...	359

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maggie T.—Your copy is declined with thanks.  
F. W. S.—Can obtain a patent and get every information at many of the patent agents in Chancery Lane.  
ERNEST.—Please repeat your question. It is impos-  
sible for us to remember the names of our correspond-  
ents.

GRASPED M.—We advise you to consult some artist or ascertain the prices you can get from several dealers in pictures or works of art.

W. M.—1. The society can at any time prosecute A for the fraud upon B, and they can compel B to pro-  
secute at their cost. 3. We do not know of any work that will teach you to manufacture a musical-box.

ELLEN D.—If you wear earrings let them be as light in weight as possible and of the very best gold, say not less than fifteen carats, and we think you will not suffer therefrom.

J. W. M.—Will do well to consult some physician. The book you require can be obtained at any respectable bookseller's, who, if you desire, can offer you many others that will afford you further information.

LESLIE.—If you stated the name of the tenant you wished to quit your house upon the notice you served at the house and the time according to the legal notice required, that is a sufficient and legal notice.

J. M. R.—The tale has been unavoidably discontinued for the present through the severe indisposition of the author, who, we are glad to say, is now near recovery, and therefore hopes he will soon resume his work, which has pleased so many of our readers.

CHORUS.—MSS. for publication should be addressed to the name of the periodical for which they are intended. A letter should always accompany the MSS., giving the address of the author. Editors have no time to write to each contributor, either to criticize or to acknowledge receipt of MSS.

F. H.—The word park, in its military sense, is applied to the space occupied by the animals, wagons, positions and materials of all kind; it is also applied to the objects themselves when brought together, as a park of artillery. It is an indefinite term, and may mean one or a number of batteries grouped together.

A. Z.—1. We would advise no application to the face that would have a tendency to irritate. Some spermaceti would tend to soothe. 2. Cold water application to strengthen is good when the body is in a moderate heat. 3. Garden exercise, such as digging, is good and considered healthy. 4. Your writing will improve by practice.

B. A. C. K.—A lady having money left to her and the same being at her disposal and not left by the will to her, to the exclusion of her husband, wishes to secure it to herself before her marriage; she can do so legally by placing the same in the hands of trustees by deed or by a marriage settlement, in which deed the husband must be a party to the same. If either are not done, the husband will become entitled to the same upon his marriage with her.

W. D.—1. The difference in your ages need not be an objection unless there are others. 2. If the young lady's mother admires another gentleman more than she does you, we think the young lady should have warned you to be careful how you spoke of the gentleman in question, lest you might say something in her mother's presence which would occasion her to think less kindly of you than she otherwise would and prepossess her in favour of the other. She may have spoken entirely for your benefit.

READER.—The Rothschilds are a Jewish family of European bankers, whose founder, Mayer Anselm Rothschild, was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, in 1743, and died there in September, 1812. He was educated as a rabbi, but commenced business as a small trader, and eventually procured a situation in a Hanoverian banking-house. He subsequently returned to Frankfurt and engaged in the banking business under the patronage of William IX. Landgrave of Hesse. He was very successful in negotiating loans for various German States.  
MURDER.—1. When introducing a gentleman and lady, the gentleman is usually presented to the lady, thus:—"Miss Teabut, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Wilson." 2. Anything more than a bow is not necessary, but if the person presented is one whom you have heard much of and you are pleased to make the acquaintance, it is proper to express your pleasure and a desire to become better acquainted.

ELMER W. G.—Undoubtedly in a certain degree longevity is hereditary—that is to say, long-lived people generally leave long-lived children. Dr. Parr, who lived to be 152 years of age, left a son who lived to the remarkable age of 118; a grandson also lived to be 124 years

of age. When Parr was 120 years old he was married to his second wife, by whom he had three children, one of whom lived to be over a hundred years old.

INQUEST.—We should advise you to get a life of William Penn and read it. The reason he was incarcerated in Newgate was because he preached Quakerism. He was three different times committed to that famous London prison. He was also at one time confined in the Tower of London for nearly a year, and it was while imprisoned here that he wrote his famous pamphlet "No Cross, No Crown." His father was an admiral in the English Navy.

JAMES B.—One of the causes of impaired memory is derangement in the functions of the system. When the stomach is out of order and the nerves in a twitter, the memory is sure to suffer. If you have any immoderate indulgences abandon them at once, and strengthen your mind by some intellectual study. Too great a devotion to music or anything that violently excites the senses is injurious to the brain and causes loss of memory.

GULPH wishes to know why the young men of the present day are so exceedingly loth to enter into the holy state of matrimony. Circumscrribed means is the deterring cause, and we cannot but admire the prudence exhibited by those who are so situated. To drag a young girl from a comfortable home to a poor one is cruel and the dishonest action rarely remains unpunished. If Gulph has the wherewithal to assist in rendering a home happy, she need labour under no apprehension about obtaining a husband; but if she has not we recommend to her serious consideration the triste and familiar adage that "when poverty enters at the door, love flies out at the window."

## THE ARCHER'S FATAL AIM.

Sharp arrows hurtle through the air  
Unseen, unheard, by night and day,  
The statesman and the millionaire,  
The orator, whose speech could sway

The multitude,  
Youth debonair—  
Refined and rare,  
Turn pale and fall in speechless clay!

No fortress walls, with ramparts bold,  
No dark retreat, no niche of fame,  
No lifted shield of burnished gold,  
No eloquence that tongues can claim,

No wisdom grave,  
No haughtier coil,  
Can ever save  
From the grim archer's fatal aim.

The drooping flag at half-mast flies  
And sombre clouds are overhead,  
Dripping with rain the curst and skies,  
The archer's shaft again has sped,  
A chiefain falls.

No more to rise  
Within the walls  
Of state; for death has sealed his eyes.

This archer spares not high nor low,  
Learners and genius, wealth and fame,  
Fall when he lifts his bow and aims,  
His arrow never missed its aim.

Life just begun,  
The head of snow,  
The fairest one,  
The best, can no exemption claim.

T. W. B.

M. twenty, good looking, fond of home, wishes to correspond with a young man with a view to matrimony; she will make a loving and dutiful wife to an affectionate husband.

TOTTY, seventeen, tall and fair, wishes to correspond with a respectable young man, who is fond of home, with a view to matrimony.

A WIDOW, thirty, dark hair and eyes, who has a little money, is a butler, wishes to correspond with a good-tempered girl.

ALICE F., twenty, good looking, blue eyes, fair hair, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a tall, dark young man who is fond of home.

LEWIS, twenty-two, medium height, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, considered good looking, a good housekeeper, wishes to correspond with a dark young man about twenty-four, good temper, of a loving disposition and fond of home, a sailor preferred.

LILIAN M. wishes to correspond with Fagin, with a view to matrimony; eighteen, tall, dark, and considered good looking, has a small income of her own, and is good tempered, loving and domesticated.

EMILIE GALT, twenty-three, tall, fair complexion, brown hair and blue eyes, plays and sings, is good tempered, very domesticated and economical, wishes to correspond with a gentleman who is tall, dark and older than herself.

ROVING HARRY, medium height, fair and considered good looking, wishes to correspond with a respectable young woman, who would make him a good wife; will have some money on coming of age. Respondent must be good looking and of ladylike manners, money no object.

JENNIE, eighteen, rather tall, considered good looking, dark blue eyes and dark brown hair, fond of fun, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman about twenty or twenty-one.

NELLIE, dark, and Annie, fair, wishes to correspond with two respectable young men, friends preferred.

MAGGIE B., eighteen, tall, gentle, dark hair, hazel eyes and domesticated, wishes to correspond with a tall, fair young gentleman with a view to matrimony.

MAUREL, seventeen, medium height, dark hair and eyes, cheerful, domesticated and fond of home, wishes to correspond with a good-looking young man, who is fond of home.

J. A. Y. twenty-one, medium height, fair, a foreign correspondent and has good prospects, wishes to correspond with a lady, who is to be passable in looks and have a little money.

MARY, twenty-one, considered good looking, dark hair

and eyes, very respectable, would like to correspond with a steady young man with a view to matrimony; she has no money but would make a loving wife and a kind mother and very fond of home.  
FRANK, twenty-two, rather tall, dark, considered very pretty, is musical and domesticated, will have a small income and good expectations, wishes to correspond with a gentleman either in the army or navy or holding a government appointment; must be tall, fair and good looking.

EMILIE, nineteen, medium height, dark but pretty and well educated, cheerful happy temper and very fond of housekeeping, wishes to correspond with a fair young gentleman, lively; a resident in Liverpool preferred.

FLORE, eighteen, medium height, fresh complexion, dark eyes and hair, of a cheerful disposition and well educated, wishes to correspond with a steady young man about twenty-one; resident in the neighbourhood preferred.

M. A., a widower with two children would like to correspond with a lady about twenty-seven, who has moderate income.

E. K., seventeen, medium height, fair complexion, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a dark young man about eighteen, expects to receive some money when of age.

GEORGE, twenty-eight, educated, skilled in music, of gentlemanly appearance and manners, with a view to matrimony and improved social position, would like to correspond with a good pianist possessing a small capital of about 100l, by which means business might be started. She must be of an amiable disposition and fond of home.

DIANA, a tall handsome brunette, well educated, of good connections and accustomed to good society, can play and sing well, twenty, amiable and loving and fond of home, with 500l. a year of her own and 500l. more when she is twenty-five, would like to hear from a gentleman about twenty-three or twenty-four, must be of good family, income no object, but must be loving, musical and fond of home.

COMMUNICATIONS RESERVED.

CORDELLA wishes to receive cards de visite of J. H. R. who answered her advertisement.

A. J., tall, twenty, dark eyes and hair, clerk, would be glad to correspond with Loving Clara.

A. B. C., twenty-four, medium height, fair, of a loving disposition, would like to receive the cards de visite of M. W. R., who was in the Royal Navy.

K. M., twenty, tall, domesticated and would make a loving wife, would like to correspond with T. W. in the Royal Marines.

FRED would be glad to correspond with Dot or Letty; Fred is 5ft. 10in., very dark, considered very good looking and has a private income.

M. E. L., medium height, dark brown hair, of a good family, has a little money, thinks she would suit Walter, would make a loving wife and is fond of home.

M. D., twenty, responds to Jenny: M. D. has dark hair and eyes, quiet, affectionate disposition about 5ft. 3in., a factory operative, very respectable, wishes to receive Jenny's cards de visite.

H. B. is responded to by G. J., twenty-one, tall and good looking, loving, and thinks he is all that she requires.

LESLIE ANSWER by—Charles, thirty-five, medium height, dark and fond of home, steady and industrious working man.

MAIR ROYAL TRACK, seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with Ciss with a view to matrimony; he is of medium height, considered good looking, and thinks he is all that she requires.

B. S. wishes to correspond with Louis B. with a view to matrimony; is twenty-three, 5ft. 11 in., dark complexion, black hair and eyes, considered rather good looking by his friends; is not a tradesman, but holds a good situation in a mercantile house; is anxious to get settled soon.

AMY by—Lewis Westleigh, tall, dark, handsome, of a loving disposition, very fond of home, music and skating and has a private income enough to keep a wife comfortably; he thinks he is all she would require.

LESLIE ANSWER by—Charles William, who is a widower, forty-one, with no family; complexion dark, considered good looking; by trade an engineer in constant employment.

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